

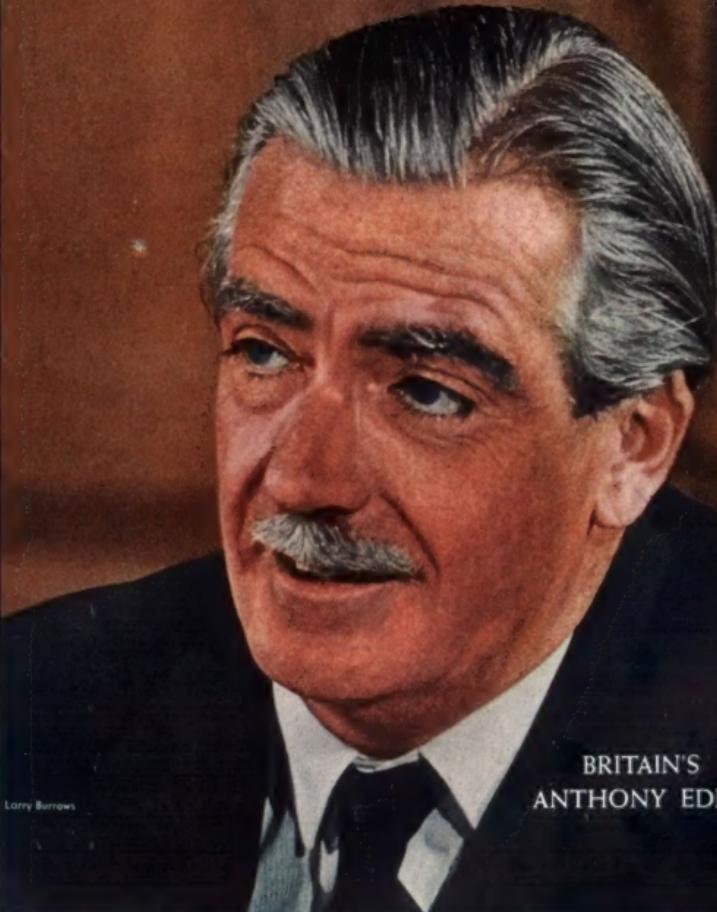
WENTY CENTS

MAY 23, 1955

BRITISH ELECTION
The Tories' Daring Gamble

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



BRITAIN'S
ANTHONY EDEN

Larry Burrows

5.00 A YEAR

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VOL. LXV NO. 21



From the world-famous Nash-Healey Sports Car (left) come the swift lines and distinctly different styling of the new Nash.

NEW NASH STEALS MARCH ON "DREAM CARS"

WITH ALL the "future dream cars" on display, more and more automotive experts agree that the 1955 Nash has stolen a march on the industry.

From "inboard" headlights to reverse rear pillars, today's Nash offers one "dream car" feature after another—plus 7 vital developments that revolutionize motoring. A new Double Strength Single Unit Car Construction for more life-saving safety. Biggest interior room, widest front seat, widest wrap-around windshield of '55 cars. A new kind of ride, New 208 H.P. Jetfire V-8 engine in the Ambassador. New Reclining Seats—and amazing low-cost All-Season Air Conditioning.

Why wait years to own a "dream car"? Your Nash dealer has it now—in 1955 Ambassador and Statesman models, built better for better resale value. Nash Motors, Division of American Motors Corp., Detroit '32, Mich.

See "Disneyland" big TV hit for all the family over ABC Network.



Forget the weather! New All-Season Air Conditioning™ cools, heats, filters dust and pollen, costs hundreds less than old-type systems. *Patents applied for.



New shorter turning radius and new ball-and-needle bearing steering make Nash a joy to drive. Power Brakes, Power Steering, available.



Advanced over old-type construction (at left), in Nash the double strength of the single unit all-welded construction extends structural girders around passengers. Far safer—lastingly free of body-bolt rattles. Built for a "second lifetime".



Imagine a chaise longue in a car! Airliner Reclining Seats ease driver, nap children; become Twin Travel Beds for fishing, hunting, vacation trips.



You float over bumps. New Nash Deep Coil Springs have 3 times cushioning effect of old-style short springs . . . braced out, keep you safer on curves.

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Refrigerators climb upstairs

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

IN THIS warehouse, all sorts of things—heavy bales, furniture, even refrigerators—have to be carried upstairs for storage, then later on, back down for shipment.

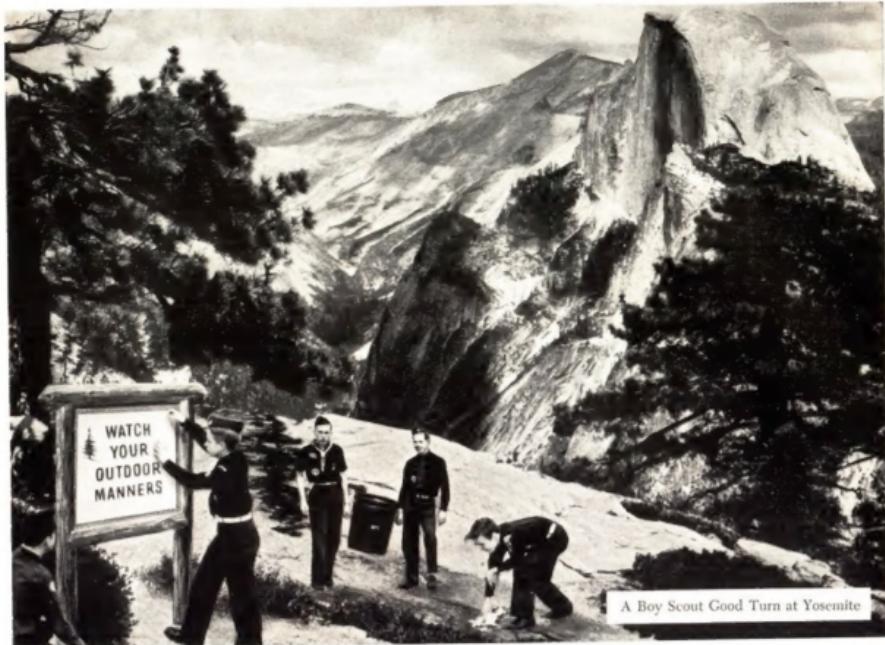
A conveyor belt would be the fastest way. But could a rubber belt lift such heavy loads up such a steep incline? They asked a B. F. Goodrich man, and he told them about the Ribflex belt—an improved design that's made with parallel ribs of rubber, cross cut into thousands of flexible grip blocks. The tiny rubber blocks are tough enough to stand years of use, yet soft so they bend

just enough to grip anything carried on the belt and move it easily, quickly. The B. F. Goodrich "rubberelevator" is what you see in the picture. It was put in at a fraction of the cost of a freight elevator, and it's giving the owners everything they expected in the way of service.

Product improvement like this is always going on at B. F. Goodrich. New ways are constantly being found to make conveyor belts, V belts and hose work better, last longer. No product is ever regarded as "finished" or standardized.

How this cuts your costs: Biggest cost savings come almost always from top performance rather than lowest prices. If you use rubber products, remember B. F. Goodrich is one company that will never lower its quality standards. This means you can be sure of top performance and real money savings when you buy from your B. F. Goodrich distributor. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-416, Akron 18, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION



A Boy Scout Good Turn at Yosemite

Yosemite...where you became heir to a scenic fortune

Eons ago, three glaciers met head on in California and left behind a wonderland now called Yosemite Valley. With its sheer mile-high granite cliffs, matchless waterfalls and magnificent mountain country, Yosemite became a National Park... and you became heir to a scenic fortune.

At Yosemite, you'll see the world's highest free-leaping falls, one of them 9 times as high as Niagara. And you'll stand beneath stately Giant Sequoia trees, the largest and oldest living things on earth. With trunks 20 feet

and more in diameter and bark up to three feet thick, the Big Trees have survived fire, lightning, disease and other destructive forces since long before Caesar crossed the Rubicon.

These trees, once found across the world, today are native only to America. Nobody knows just why. Perhaps they need a land as big and rugged and majestic as they are... a tough-fibred land that takes its hard knocks but keeps on growing, too.

Sinclair Salutes the Boy Scouts of America

Sinclair salutes the volunteer leaders, boy members and conservation advisors of the Boy Scouts of America for outstanding accomplishment in their national Conservation Good Turn, and their efforts to prevent and clean up litter in National and State Parks and other recreation areas.

With national headquarters in New Brunswick, N. J., nearly four million members of the Boy Scouts have been doing their best to live up to their Outdoor Code and to promote its acceptance by all Americans.



Free TOUR INFORMATION —

If you would like to drive to any of the National Parks, let us help you plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y.

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ON ONE SIDE there is a full performance of a great musical work. The remote feature artist of recognized distinction, You listen to this performance, and then . . .



ON THE OTHER SIDE is an analysis of the musical features explained and played separately so that you can learn what to listen for.

TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND MUSIC BETTER AND ENJOY IT MORE

THIS NEW IDEA, sponsored by the Book-of-the-Month Club, is designed for those who enjoy good music but who are aware, too often, that they do not listen to it with complete understanding and appreciation. There is no doubt about the reason: most of us are not primed about what to listen for. MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—for a fuller understanding of music—better than any means ever devised. This enjoyable form of self-education can be as thorough as the Music Appreciation courses given in many universities.

YOU SUBSCRIBE BUT TAKE ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT . . . A new MUSIC-APPRECIATION Record will be issued—for subscribers only—every month. Ultimately all the great masterpieces of music will be included. The announcement about each forthcoming record will be written by the noted composer and music commentator Deems Taylor. After reading this descriptive essay you may take the record or not. You are not obligated to take any specified number of records. And you may stop the subscription at any time you please!

TWO TYPES OF RECORDS ARE AVAILABLE . . . ALL MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS are high-fidelity, long-playing records of the highest quality—33 1/2 R. P. M. on Vinylite. They are of two kinds: first, a so-called Standard Record—a twelve-inch disc—which presents the performance on one side, the analysis on the

 **J. S. BACH'S SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA NO. 3 IN D MAJOR**, Music Appreciation Symphony Orchestra—George Szell, Conductor

 **SCHUMANN'S PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR**, The Little Orchestra—Thomas Scherman, Conductor;

Eileen Flissler, Pianist  **WAGNER'S OVERTURES TO TANNHÄUSER and DIE MEISTERSINGER**, London Symphony Orchestra

—Norman Del Mar, Conductor  **MENDELSSOHN'S VIOLIN CONCERTO IN E MINOR**, The Stadium Concerts Symphony

Orchestra—Alexander Smallens, Conductor, Fredell Lack, Violinist

 **BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY**, London Symphony Orchestra

—Norman Del Mar, Conductor

TYPICAL COMMENT

"Music has been not until I heard my first MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD did I realize how much I had been missing when I listened to orchestral music. I subscribed originally for my son, but quickly found that my own enjoyment of orchestral music was increased far beyond what I dreamed possible."



Jarmita Novotna

STAR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA,
CONCERTS, FILMS AND TELEVISION

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 Schumann's Concerto Mendelssohn's Concerto
 Beethoven's Fifth Symphony

Mrs. [initials] _____
Miss [initials] _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAR 26

How good is this spot —photography was put on watch



In the hands of Alfred Politz Research, Inc., camera and film sampled the traffic, spaced test periods, stayed on the job, never got tired and reported with complete accuracy.

Photography adds striking realism to highway poster.

YOU CAN GAUGE a magazine's readers by its circulation—or a newspaper's by its daily sales. But how can you measure the potential audience of an outdoor poster?

Alfred Politz Research, Inc., worked out an answer. Figuring that anyone the poster can "see" can see the poster, they set up an automatic camera which recorded periods of passing traffic at regular intervals. Counting the people and cars on the film records gave accurate figures on the viewers of the

poster and made it possible to compute its gross man-hours of exposure.

Counting people comes as easy for photography as counting phone calls, metal rods or tons of coal. It is one of the many ways it is serving all kinds of business and industry. In small businesses and large it is helping to save time, cut costs, reduce error, design new products and improve production.

Some of the ways photography is being used are listed in the panel. Look them over—see how it can help you.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

for a poster? to find out



... and here are 16 basic places
where Photography can work for you

—5 minutes with this check list can be the soundest business move you've made this year

- Management**—Progress Photos, Stockholder reports, Record preservation, Information distribution, Control and Organization charts
- Administration**—File debulking, Purchase schedule, Office layout, Interior decoration, Form printing
- Public Relations**—News release, Institutional, Community relations, Public service
- Personnel**—Identification photos, Job description, Orientation, Payroll records, Employee personal records, House organs, Health records, Bulletins
- Training and Safety**—Safety campaigns, Teaching, Reports, Fire prevention
- Engineering**—Drawings, Specification sheets, Drawing protection, Pilot radiography
- Research**—Reports, Flow studies, Process charts, Library, Photomicrography, electron-micrography, x-ray diffraction, etc.
- Product Design & Development**—Styling, Consumer testing, Motion studies, Stress analysis, Performance studies
- Advertising**—Advertisements, Booklets, Displays, Dealer promotion, Television
- Plant Engineering & Maintenance**—Plant layout, Repair proposals, Piping & Wiring installations, Progressive maintenance, Record debulking
- Production**—Time study, Work methods, Legible drawings, Schedules, Process records
- Testing & Quality Control**—Test set-ups, Reports, Standards library, Radiography, Instrument recording
- Warehousing & Distribution**—Inventory control, Damage records, Waybill duplicates, Flow layouts, Packing & loading records
- Purchasing**—Schedules, Duplicate engineering prints, Specifications, Component selection, Source information
- Sales**—Portfolios, Dealer helps, Sales talks, Price & delivery information
- Service**—Manuals, Parts lists, Installation photos, Training helps, Records

These books show how photography is being used today.

*Photography in Marketing
Photography in Administration
Photography in Engineering
Photography in Plant Operation*

They are free. Write for the ones you want.



Keep your eye on
golfing's greatest ball
...still further advanced!

U.S. ROYAL

Outside!

A distinctive new "blue spot" identifies golfing's greatest ball. There's a triple coat of special, long-wearing enamel. And the famous Cadwell Cover is now reinforced with a secret new compound for lasting "newness!"



And look Inside!

Exclusive Silicone "Magic" Center is wound to perfection, electronically, for the world's sweetest click . . . your greatest game.



Keep your eye on the widely acclaimed new Diamond-marked cover, or the popular dimple design—both U.S.G.A. approved.



In new, improved Plasti-Guard that keeps your U.S. Royals new—zips open instantly.

U. S. ROYAL
GOLF BALLS
at your
pro shop



Ladies! There's a new Queen Royal tailored to your swing!

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

LETTERS

Operation Brotherhood

SIR:

CONGRATULATIONS FOR CLEAR AND THOROUGH REPORTING ON THE SHOWDOWN IN SAIGON. JUST TWO DAYS BEFORE YOU MAY 9 STORY WAS PUBLISHED WE RECEIVED AN URGENT CABLE FROM PREMIER DIEM: "ALMOST 1,000,000 HUMAN BEINGS FLED FROM COMMUNIST NORTH VIET NAM IN LAST FEW MONTHS. THIS IS GREATEST BLOW COMMUNISTS HAVE SUFFERED IN ASIA. THESE PEOPLE MUST BE SAVED. LAST GATE TO FREEDOM, PORT HAIPHONG, CLOSES MAY 16. 250,000 MORE NOW TRYING TO ESCAPE BEFORE DEADLINE."

THE INTERNATIONAL RESCUE COMMITTEE AND THE U.S. JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ARE JOINTLY SPONSORING OPERATION BROTHERHOOD TO PROVIDE EMERGENCY AID FOR VIETNAMESE ESCAPEES FROM COMMUNISM. AT-TIME READERS MAY WANT TO SEND URGENTLY NEEDED CONTRIBUTIONS TO OPERATION BROTHERHOOD AT 62 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY.

ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD

HARRY A. BULLIS

CO-CHAIRMEN

OPERATION BROTHERHOOD
NEW YORK CITY

The Cloak & Petticoat Business

SIR:

Enjoyed your May 2 cover story on Designer McCordell. However, those California bathing-suit manufacturers have reached a low with a gimmick "evening convertible" (swim-suits that can be transformed to evening dresses). The thought of dressing for evening in something I had worn bathing a few hours before, or even a week before, sends chills down my fashion-conscious spine.

VIRGINIA DUNN

West Orange, N.J.

SIR:

May you reap a fine harvest of praise for the informative and appreciative article, and may Claire McCordell's enthusiastic customers be multiplied to their own certain delight. You say anyone can wear McCordell's

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
May 23, 1955

Volume LXV
Number 21

Freedom of Choice!

This **COMPREHENSIVE HOMEOWNER'S POLICY***
allows you to select the protection you want...



...for your home



its contents ...



...your liability

This America Fore policy is a new package of protection, flexibly designed to cover your insurance needs according to your choice.

It protects you from loss caused by fire, lightning, windstorm, explosion and many other specified perils to your home and its contents.

It also provides protection against loss —

- from burglary, robbery or theft from your premises, and
- from claims resulting from accidents to the public on your premises
— or from the personal activities of members of your household on or away from your premises.

If you select these three basic elements of protection you qualify for

PREMIUM SAVINGS OF TEN TO THIRTY PERCENT!

You'll like the flexibility of this single, broad contract. You select the protection you want — add other coverages when you desire. You'll like its convenience, too. One starting and expiration date — one premium — one time to think about the vitally important protection of your home, its contents and your liability.

Your local America Fore agent will be happy to give you full information. He can arrange monthly or other convenient budget payments of your premium if you wish.



For the name of a nearby America Fore agent call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25.

*approved in most states

The Continental Insurance Company

★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company

★ Niagara Fire Insurance Company

★ American Eagle Fire Insurance Company

★ The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York



*It's somebody's
birthday today*



*Telephone
your greetings*

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

New York to Philadelphia.....	40¢
Cincinnati to St. Louis.....	75¢
Pittsburgh to Boston.....	95¢
Baltimore to Atlanta.....	\$1.05
San Francisco to Washington, D.C.	\$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

*Call by Number
It's Twice as Fast*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



clothes, but "they look best on what countless ads have presented as the ideal American beauty—tall, slim, long-legged." As one of the most un-American types imaginable (short, curvy, unathletic), I would like to testify that McCardell's clothes have been as if made-to-order for me from the early dirndl and Monastics through to the recent classic shirtwaist . . .

SUE WARFIELD

Baltimore

Sir:

. . . I consider it a most unfortunate article. I was nonplussed by the stupidity of what you had to say about my "feminine look for the small rounded figure." I resent this . . . It may interest you to know that my clothes are sized from 10 to 18 usually, and much of the time to size 20, and that a great majority of the women who buy my clothes are medium height or tall. But I do not cater to the small or rounded figure . . .

THOMAS F. BRIGANCE

New York City

Sir:

How in the world did you ever manage to find so many apparently breastless beauties to put into one story? For heaven's sake, let's portray more women who look like women . . .

WALDO RUESS

Los Angeles

The Folger Way

Sir:

The Folger Library appreciates the space TIME [May 9] devoted to emphasizing the library's usefulness to historical students . . . I should like, however, to correct a few statements. The Folger is not a one-man enterprise . . . Everyone from the guards . . . to the bibliographical specialists appear to enjoy an enterprise that is fun—and significant. Its book-buying program is less indebted to the director than to his assistant, Miss Eleanor Pitcher, who spends six months out of each year searching for books in Europe.

We do not want to pillage English manor houses of books that ought to remain in Britain. Indeed, we have a gentleman's agreement that we will not bid on such material . . . But we did actually provide the funds for the repair of the roof of a parish church and the installation of a proper heating plant in exchange for the church's 17th century library. The books had not been opened in 300 years.

LOUIS B. WRIGHT

Director

The Folger Shakespeare Library
Washington, D.C.

Fantastic Figures

Sir:

Your May 2 report of Bernard MacFadden mentions that his third wife put him in jail. I am his third wife, and although he has done me out of a fortune, I am not guilty of such a method to get what I helped to make—so please correct this mistake. At this writing I wish to belatedly thank you for your very fine review of my book, *Dumbbells and Carrot Strips* [TIME, April 26, 1953]. When it was first published, MacFadden wanted to get on my bandwagon. Since I did not acquiesce to his suggestions, he wanted revenge for this slight, so he sued Holt for \$1,34,000. The figure is just as fantastic as he is . . .

MARY MACFADDEN

Englewood, N.J.

The Integers of Texas

Sir:

I have been reading TIME for quite a number of years and have regarded it as practically an oracle. You can imagine my

"It's Uncle Bill,

Mommy



*"He's singing
Happy Birthday"*

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh.....	45¢
Boston to Syracuse.....	70¢
Chicago to Buffalo.....	95¢
Philadelphia to Miami.....	\$1.35
Los Angeles to New York.....	\$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

*Call by Number
It's Twice as Fast*

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GIN and TONIC

with a Flair



What lifts this gin-and-tonic far out of the ordinary? A taste as keen and clean and brisk as the rush of wind past a downhill racer. The lightness of a puff of powdered snow.

Dryness that smacks of cold mountain air. This is gin-and-tonic with a sparkling difference.

The difference is Canada Dry Quinine Water. True, you can pay more for a tonic...but it's like throwing your money away.



THE FLAVOR YOU LIKE—THE NAME YOU KNOW

The Hat of Presidents

Remember them? You last saw these famous executives in magnificent Disney felt hats. Here they change with the season—choosing from the coolest, most distinctive selection in the land. Your choice, too...from \$7.50 to \$50.

President Lee A. Potter, Jr., of Forman, Ford & Co., and a director of the Young Presidents Organization, Inc. The new "natural" Disney Milan Center Crease is perfect for today's new natural look in menswear. The tapered crown and the new back-curl of its narrow brim are style triumphs. In a rich new dark-brown color, *Falcon*.



Chairman of the Board
Frank Waterman, of the Waterman Pen Company, wearing the smart, new Disney Milan Telescope. Here is a youthful, extremely fashionable hat in the season's best new color, Charcoal. The fine light straw is, of course, imported from Milan. The style is Disney's and it's superb.

President Lawrence Cowen, of The Lionel Corporation, chooses the pinch-front Disney Panama...so cool and light, so eminently correct, so popular with men everywhere. This fine imported Panama has an exclusive Disney band and features the same meticulous attention to detail that so distinguishes Disney felts.



...distinctive since 1885.

seventy years of fashion leadership
in both felt and straw hats.

surprise to find out in "Beaumont Devastated" [May 2] that Beaumont has a population of "60,000" and Houston has a population of "385,000 . . ."

E. E. SCRUGGS

Houston

Sir:
Do you needa Dick Tracy tok now that Houston has nearly a million people, y' jerk? Yo ugosed.

FRANCIS L. WILLIAMS

Houston

¶ TIME's apologies to the populations of Houston (714,000) and Beaumont (104,000). Neki hokey.—ED.

The Man on Formosa

Sir:
This is a bit late, but I must thank you for the great service you did with your story on Chiang Kai-shek and Formosa [April 15]. My family has lived all over China for the past 50 years and for three generations, Chiang has done more for the freedom of his people, for advancement of progress, and for an open door to the rest of the world than any Chinese leader before him or since.

It is a horrifying thing that a man and country can be pushed to ruin by a Communist smear campaign, which was carefully nurtured and spread by foolish and ignorant Communist admirers. Your story gave, all in all, an excellent picture of Chiang, his virtues, faults and tremendous problems. I sincerely hope it brings a bright clear light to so many people who have been very foggy on this issue.

EDITH FITCH TROYCHAK

Ossining, N.Y.

Sin & Sweden (Contd.)

Sir:
Your article "Sin & Sweden" and the subsequent Letters to the Editor are most provocative. Apparently the observations stem from emotionally involved persons who stoutly maintain their "liberalness," their lack of inhibition, their freedom from the fetters of the ethical standards of society. But rather than emotional name-calling, the article demands serious thought and answers to the questions proposed by Mr. Brown. If the situation is true as it is presented, then what is in store for Western civilization? How necessary is a Judeo-Christian ethic to our society and to our culture? . . .

HELEN E. SHIMOTA

St. Paul

Sir:
. . . It is up to Americans if they want to go on dodging the sex problems of their own youth by looking at them as sin, crime and jokes, but no one of them should attack a country where they are facing the issue squarely . . .

ERIK PIERSTORFF

Oslo

Sir:
TIME's alarmed Mr. Brown might have noted the shocking Swedish scarcity of such virtuous American improvements as call girls, panty raids, child brides, elderly lechers, middle-school drug addicts, the upholstered bust and rotary behind, pornography from comics to home movies, sadistic crime, and the concept of sex as an aggressive commercial weapon.

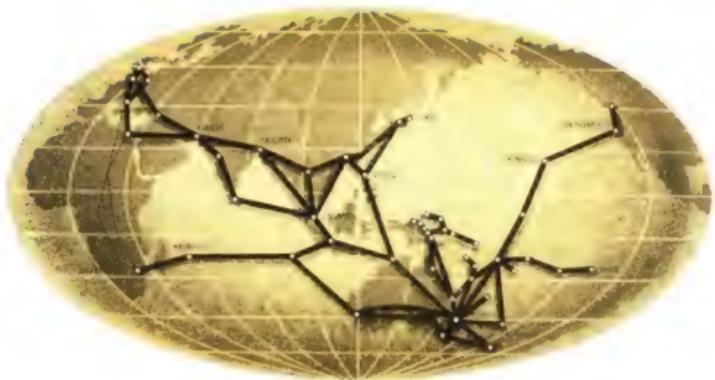
FREDERICK RENVYLE

Watertown, Mass.

Sir:
To answer your correspondent's puerile question, "But what will this lead to?" It has already led to happiness for the people



How to outdo the Dodo by 68,000 miles



..and with exceptional comfort and speed

The Dodo (*didus inexpectus*) never left the Island of Mauritius; he couldn't fly. The Dodo became extinct in 1681. Perhaps it was for the best.

Today, Mauritius is an exotic stop on the Qantas route to South Africa—a flight which begins when you board a Qantas Super Constellation at San Francisco or Vancouver and ends in Johannesburg. On your way you visit the Pacific islands. Australia, and some of the most splendid and unspoiled

spots on earth. As you can see by the map, Qantas stretches across the world from Europe to the Middle East, the Orient, the South Seas; to North America: 68,000 exceptionally comfortable miles serving 26 countries and 5 continents.

If you like to travel (or have to) Qantas* is a very good way. For further details, ask your travel agent or any Qantas or BOAC office.

⁶ Say the *Q* as in Quality.

$$A_{\mu\nu\lambda} = f^{\pm}_{\mu\nu} \epsilon^{\lambda}$$

QANTAS

Passenger Airlines

Service to New Zealand, Samoa, Tahiti, in association with TEAL.

in romantic Rio,

the stars come out AFTER SIX

**Jeff Chandler, movie idol
and singing sensation,
finds pleasure and
adventure in his cool,
handsomely-tailored
AFTER SIX summer for-
mal. In Rio, the Riviera
or right around the
corner, AFTER SIX adds
a new note of debonair
elegance.**

After Six
BY RUBOFF

"Stain Shy" Rayon Dinner Jacket, 26.95
Orion-Rayon Blend Dinner Jacket, 32.50
"Tony Martin" Silk Shantung Jacket, 45.00
"Parfait Color" Dinner Jacket, 37.50
Eined Wink Kari-Glo Bomber
Commuter & Commuter Sets, 7.50 to 15.00

*Pronto Eighty Eight West of the
Rockies and Canada.*

JEFF CHANDLER
co-starring in
"FOXFIRE"
a Universal-International Picture
color by Technicolor

here, where instead of murdering one another, people sleep together. Perhaps your country will attain this stage of maturity when it is as old and wise as Sweden.

GREGORY PALSSON

Skottorp, Halland, Sweden

Chocolate with the Empress

Sir

Upon reading your May 2 review of *Louis Napoleon and the Second Empire*, I felt I was shaking hands with history. When I was a kid, we had a country place at Farnborough, near Eugénie's retreat. In the village, the Empress was respectfully known as the "Old Lady" (as distinct from Her Ladyship at the manor). Children tugged their forelocks when she passed.

Once, we were invited to a "five-o'clock" (pronounced *BB*-o'clock). We expected tea, but it turned out to be cups of hot chocolate topped with whipped cream. It was fun, having an Empress as a neighbor.

WILLIAM HARVEY

West Hartford, Conn.

Tribute to Einstein (Contd.)

Sir

Congratulations on being the only ones to explain Einstein's $E=mc^2$ correctly in your May 2 story. That in itself was probably the finest tribute you could have made to the great scientist.

ALLEN LENCHEK

Chicago

Sir

It is pitiful that a man with such wide and profound mathematical ideas could have stayed right to the finish an ally of the thieves and assassins of Israel who stole the homes and lands of innocent Christians.

ISA EL MESSIH

Rio de Janeiro

Sir

Your informative story is most sympathetically written. I felt no grief at the great scientist's passing, since, I'd say, he had earned the right to be relieved of witnessing any longer man's inhumanity to man.

FRANCIS McCONNELL

Washington, D.C.

The Good Teacher

Sir

As an admirer of Eldred Harrington, I congratulate you on your fine story [May 2]. As the mother of a former Dawn Patrollet, my enthusiasm is tempered by fatigue. How the mothers of the 5 o'clock scholars ever managed, I'll never know. Seven o'clock was quite bad enough. I'm sure he absorbed chemistry by autosuggestion, because certainly he was walking in his sleep when he left home washed, properly dressed, fed and equipped with lunch.

WINIFRED REITER

Albuquerque

Sir

Having had the incredible luck of once being a pupil of Dr. Eldred Harrington's, I believe he is an outstanding example of what many really dedicated teachers would like to be . . . It is pitiful that the members of the National Education Association in Denver could not have had the singular experience of being taught by Dr. Harrington. They would not only have found him "interesting," but discovered why his students were, and are, willing to get up at odd hours in the morning in order to attend one of his early classes, or journey over the boondocks to study an interesting rock formation when they could have spent an extra hour in bed.

S. J. LIENAU

Albuquerque

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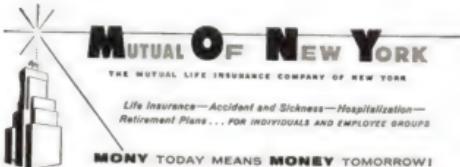
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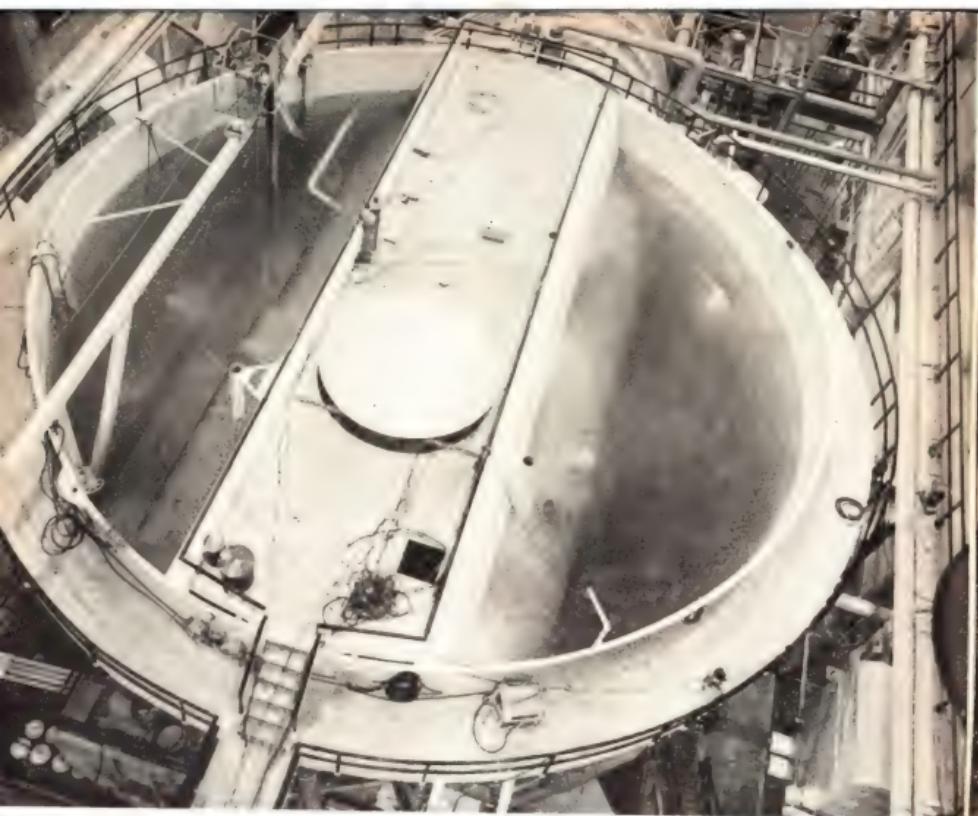
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Atomic reactor built by Westinghouse for AEC is in this land-locked submarine hull at the National Reactor Testing Station in Idaho. It went into operation May 31, 1953.

2 FULL-SCALE ATOMIC POWER

*Westinghouse built
both of them*

The *first* full-scale nuclear power plant designed, developed and built specifically to produce large amounts of usable power, was built by Westinghouse for the Atomic Energy Commission and the U. S. Navy. It has been operating successfully, at the National Reactor Testing Station in Idaho, for almost two years.

The *second* full-scale nuclear power plant designed, developed and built specifically to produce large amounts of usable power, was built by Westinghouse for AEC and U. S. Navy. It powers the revolutionary submarine, *Nautilus*, which has joined the fleet after dramatically successful undersea trials.

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utilus, first atomic sub. It is propelled by an atomic power plant built by Westinghouse for AEC and the U. S. Navy. It went to sea January 17, 1955.

PLANTS NOW OPERATING

WESTINGHOUSE... FIRST IN ATOMIC POWER

" industry-owned reactor for testing and developing materials and fuels for atomic power plants . . . to be built by Westinghouse at Blairsville, Pa. Announced April, 1955.

" atomic engine to drive submarine went to sea January 17, 1955. Westinghouse now working on atomic engines for two additional submarines.

" atomic reactor for full-scale peacetime electrical generating power plant in the U. S. is now being built by Westinghouse for AEC; reactor to be operated by the Penn Light Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., which also will build and operate the electric generating portion of the station.

contract to develop atomic engine for large surface ship awarded to Westinghouse, October 15, 1954.

FIRST privately-financed factory devoted exclusively to building parts for atomic power plants, at Cheswick, Pa. Started operation December, 1953.

FIRST substantial quantities of controlled atomic power produced at the National Reactor Testing Station, Idaho, May 31, 1953. Reactor built by Westinghouse for AEC.

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Continental Division • Ford Motor Company

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 23, 1955

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Opportunity

Throughout a decade of cold war, the communist world has been divided by question. What is the best way to live with the Communists? From a line position of strength? Or from a highly defensive position of conciliation? Last week, as the West welcomed divided Germany into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, a clear answer through the Iron Curtain. In spite of the new display of Western power and strength, the Communists were far almost desperately to Western eyes.

Red reaction took several forms. After years of stalling, the Soviet Union finally signed a peace treaty for agreeing to long-resisted clauses for Austrian neutrality. At the same time, with noticeable urgency, the Red arranged a top-level mission to Austria, a pilgrimage to hear Marshal Tito take a neutral position.

Communist moves in Austria and Vienna meant a considerable retreat from the old Soviet formula of swallowing satellites and building an ever-growing Communist front, a long way back in 1948, when it was said that the Red needed only shoes to march to the Channel.

Time Has Come. This week the most important reaction of all: U.S.R. accepted a Western invitation to a Big Four conference of the heads

of government some time this summer. The invitation had been issued from Paris, where the NATO Council had met to accept their new colleague, West Germany's Konrad Adenauer.

The timing was all-important. For many months the U.S. had been resisting the idea of a "conference at the summit." Those months were the critical period when the issue of rearming West Germany hung in the balance. The U.S.S.R. made it menacingly plain that it would do everything it could and dared to prevent German rearmament. The Soviet attitude stirred neutrals and others to support a "conference at the summit" as a substitute for German rearmament. This sentiment was so strong that even Sir Winston Churchill repeatedly urged such a conference, if only to prove that Russian peace talk was insincere. The U.S. refused to be deflected from the defense of Europe by the conference clamor.

More recently, it has been increasingly apparent that Moscow recognizes its failure to divide the West over the German rearmament issue. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and President Dwight Eisenhower were convinced that last week's deeds in Europe adequately set the stage for words. Said Dulles: "Our experience has shown that each time we have confronted the Russians with a strong and determined act they have been willing to talk seriously."

The tone of the Western invitation was set largely by John Foster Dulles. "We recognize that the solution of these

problems will take time and patience. They will not be solved at a single meeting or in a hasty manner . . . In the limited time for which the heads of government could meet, they would not undertake to agree upon substantive answers to the major difficulties facing the world. Such a meeting could, however, provide a new impetus by establishing the basis for the detailed work which will be required . . . The important thing is to begin the process promptly and to pursue it with patience and determination."

A Difficult Agenda. In Vienna this week, when the Big Four foreign ministers met to sign the Austrian treaty, Vyacheslav M. Molotov accepted the invitation for the Soviet Union. As outlined and accepted, the conference would have three stages. First, the foreign ministers would meet briefly to lay the groundwork, and perhaps to agree on a broad agenda. Then, with their foreign ministers at hand, the Big Four heads of government—Dwight Eisenhower, Anthony Eden, Edgar Faure and Nikolai Bulganin—would meet to discuss issues and methods of arriving at solutions. Later the foreign ministers and their aides would deal in detail with the points outlined during the top-level meeting. On the first question to be decided, the place of meeting, the ministers promptly encountered a difference. Dulles proposed Switzerland; Molotov suggested Vienna. A decision was deferred.

What will the men at the summit talk about? There is no agreed agenda, but



THE BIG FOUR: BULGANIN, EDEN, FAURE, EISENHOWER
Deeds set the stage for words.

Associated Press; George Skadding—Life



SENATOR KNOWLAND
Memories of Yalta.

the main issues that logically would come up are clear:

INTERNATIONAL ATOMIC CONTROL. There is little prospect of stable peace while two or more iminical sovereign governments have uncontrolled power over the manufacture and use of atomic weapons. The U.S. proposed international control even when it had a monopoly, but the U.S.S.R. has persistently refused to agree to the thorough inspection that would be necessary to make control effective. The U.S.S.R. wants to "abolish" atomic weapons, i.e., it wants to sign a toothless agreement which a democratic country would keep, but which the U.S.S.R. could ignore.

DISARMAMENT. During nine years of disarmament discussions, both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have presented proposals. The Communist formula has always been basically and unacceptably the same. It would destroy the U.S. lead in nuclear weapons, but would preserve the Russian advantage in military manpower. The new Soviet plan submitted to the U.N. subcommittee on disarmament in London last week appears to make enough concessions to be worth discussing (see FOREIGN NEWS), but the manner in which it was publicized indicates that it is little more than another Communist propaganda gambit.

UNIFICATION OF GERMANY. Prospects for an agreement on unification do not appear to be good. The Soviet Union's long-range aim now appears to be neutralization of Germany, but the West can hardly agree to a weak and disarmed Germany with U.S., British and French forces removed, standing on the doorsill of the Communist bloc of nations. On the other hand, the Communists will be very loth to agree to a strong, armed Germany standing at the heart of Western defense.

LIBERATION. In Paris last week, John Foster Dulles brought the NATO Coun-

cil meeting to rapt attention with the statement that the West must never accept the continued enslavement of captive peoples living under Communist rule, and must insist on discussing liberation at the Big Four conference. Dulles has by no means abandoned his liberation policy, although he stressed that he did not think that the West should attempt liberation by armed force from outside. The Austrian treaty,⁹ in a very real sense, liberated an area of Europe. This example might have a profound effect in making Austria's satellite neighbors more eager for freedom.

THE FAR EAST. In President Eisenhower's statement that he expects the conference to be "global," there was a clear indication that he anticipates discussion of Asian problems. The West would be likely to request that Russia use her influence on the Chinese Communists to bring about a cease-fire in the Formosa Strait; the U.S.S.R. could be expected to propose that the Chinese Communists be admitted to the United Nations.

Dangers Ahead. As excitement about the forthcoming conference spread around the world, it bred danger of false hopes. With that in mind, President Eisenhower took pains to point out that he did not expect a sudden, solid peace to break out. Said he: "There is no expectation on my part that in a few hours, a few days or a few weeks this world is going to be turned around."

On the other hand, the scars of Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam produced some defeatism about the conference. Said California's William Knowland, Republican leader of the U.S. Senate: "In the long history of the Soviet Union or the shorter history of Communist China, there is nothing to demonstrate that the Communist pledged word is worth the paper on which it is written. [Should the U.S.] take the Soviet's word on a new scrap of paper?"

For Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles, the meeting at the summit will be a challenging step in an intricately difficult diplomatic maneuver. While attempting to build up Western European defenses, and at the same time seeking peace with the Soviet Union, the U.S. is walking through diplomatic land mines. Western Europe is driven toward defensive unity mainly by the immediate threat from the East. As Western strength builds, the Red threat diminishes. As the threat lessens, the motive for Western unity becomes weaker.

The perplexing problem facing the U.S. is to keep the cement of Western European unity firm, while continuing to advance toward a real peace by dealing with the Communists from a position of growing strength.

* Immediately after Secretary Dulles signed the treaty, he cabled George Caglett Marshall and Dean Gooderham Acheson, his predecessors under the Truman Administration, expressing appreciation for their early work on the Austrian problem.

THE PRESIDENCY

P. M. I.

As it shrilled to a new high last week, the will-like-run-again chatter changed its script. For months hopeful Democrats have been solemnly guessing that he would not, and hopeful Republicans that he would. Suddenly, pro-Ike Republicans were expressing doubt that President Eisenhower would be a candidate for a second term in 1956.

Only two were on the public record. The Kansas City Star's President Roy Roberts, longtime friend of the President, wrote that Ike's decision "is still wide open." Maine's Senator Margaret Chase Smith told 1,700 Republican women meeting in Washington that she had the impression the President "prefers to retire in 1956."

Much more agitating to Washington than these public statements was the cumulative effect of private reports from Eisenhower visitors who emerged last week from the side door of the White House. Their theme: the President did not see why he owed the Republican Party a duty to run; its right wing was bucking him day after day on foreign policy, world trade and other matters.

Speculation on 1956. These reports rolled around Washington, gathering weight as they went. The bulk of Republican speculation stood firm against them. House Republican Leader Joe Martin, speaking to the same group of Republican women, contradicted Senator Smith. "You will send him back," said he, "with a tremendous majority in 1956."

Nevertheless, the new doubts of Ike's availability creased the forehead of many a Republican who knew that the party has no comparable vote getter. The doubt had a far different effect in other quarters.



John Engstead—LIFE
GOVERNOR KNIGHT
Visions of Pennsylvania Avenue.

California's Governor Goodwin Knight came into Washington sure that Ike would run. He listened to the speculation and went home with a vision in his eyes of life at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. "Goody's" particular mirage could not be seen by many, if any, Republican leaders outside California.

Effect on 1955. The emphasis on Ike's reluctance to run might have political effects in the immediate future far more meaningful than distant speculation about 1956. A popular President is in a peculiarly strong position during the third year of his first term. A Pentagon staff planner might call that year the President's P.M.I.—period of maximum influence. At this point the President does not have to say whether he will or won't run. If he says he won't, he loses any control he might have on dissidents in his own party. If he says he will, he throws away an instrument of party discipline and unity.

If a President during his P.M.I. is sincerely (as distinguished from tactically) in doubt about his future plans, his leverage is even greater. Few believed that Eisenhower for tactical purposes would conceal a decision that he had actually made. If he is really undecided, as Washington thinks, then that ought to strengthen his hand during the coming months in dealing with the G.O.P. right-wingers.

What cuts down Ike's leverage is the extraordinary independence of party shown by some anti-Eisenhower Republicans. Senators Knowland, McCarthy, Millikin and Malone are not trying to grab the party leadership from him. Each goes his own way, seeks his own following. A mere hint of Ike's own reluctance to run will have little effect on such men, even though they know that Ike's unavailability might cost the party millions of votes. But an Eisenhower withdrawal that was attributed in part to the opposition inside his own party might have a drastic effect on party workers, who, after all, like to win elections. These party stalwarts could turn and blast forever the careers of men they held responsible for Ike's refusal to run.

Ike's decision and its timing is his own problem, one full of conflicting elements that no observer can assess. But viewed objectively, there is no political reason why Ike should hasten to make up his mind. The longer his P.M.I., the tougher he can make it for the men who have made it tough for him.

LABOR

Hands Off

After 24 hours of continuous negotiations, a rumpel three-man Government board last week announced tentative settlement of the 57-day strike called by nonoperating workers against the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and its subsidiaries. The walkout had affected 29,000 workers and curtailed traffic in 14 states. The agreement provided for the issues—mostly on health and welfare plans—to be submitted to arbitration.

In the past, railroad strikes have often brought White House intervention. Examples: in 1943 President Roosevelt personally worked out an agreement giving railroad workers an extra 5¢ an hour; in 1946 President Truman coerced a settlement by threatening, in a nationwide broadcast, to order the Army to break a railroad strike (he also proposed to Congress that strikers be drafted into the Army). One result of such presidential action was to make the National Mediation Board, set up under the Railway Labor Act, little more than a front organization, with both rail labor and management looking hungrily toward the White House as the place to win concessions.

This time the White House kept hands off—despite intervention pleas by the L. & N. management and the governors of Kentucky, Tennessee and Illinois. Some



REPUBLICANS SMITH & MARTIN
The chatter changed its script.

observers were sharply critical, pointing out that the walkout was the longest major rail strike since 1922 and was marked with violence. Snapped the New Dealing Louisville *Courier-Journal*: "Strikes which lose millions of dollars for all concerned, which erupt into violence and bloodshed . . . cannot be left to the mercies of 'voluntarism'."

Against such short-range points was a long-range principle. What the hands-off policy does is place the negotiating emphasis where it belongs: at the collective-bargaining table. It removes the incentive for either labor or management to delay settlement in hope of winning points through the White House. Members of the National Mediation Board were delighted. Said one: "We are all convinced that the Railway Labor Act will function if it is left alone. The L. & N. strike proves that."

ARMED FORCES Tradition on the Trapezoid

Even before July 21, 1921, the day Billy Mitchell flew a cocky pennant from the tail of his biplane as he led a demonstration bombing of the German battleship *Ostfriesland*, the Air Service, then and for 26 years after, a limb of the Army, was determined to have its own traditions. Last week the design of the new Air Force Academy, unveiled in models at Colorado Springs, resolutely avoided any resemblance to pseudo-Gothic West Point or the traditional brick and stone buildings at Annapolis. Said one of the architects, Nathaniel Owings: "It was our job here to provide the framework for the traditions of future generations of airmen."

The Air Academy will be fashioned of stainless steel, aluminum and glass around

a 17,500-acre trapezoid at the foot of the Rockies. Explained Owings: "We believe that the architectural concepts of the academy buildings should represent . . . the simple, direct, modern way of life—that they should be as modern, as timeless and as styleless in their architectural concept, as efficient and as flexible in their basic layout, as the most modern projected aircraft." Most of the buildings will have glass walls, all of them will be low (never more than 70 ft. high), and most flat-topped.

A Great Glass Cube. A long chapel with a peak that looks as if it had been cut by a giant's pinking shears will dominate the main campus. The Air Force release says that the chapel, like "the ancient Abbey of Mont St. Michel," stands on high ground and dominates its surroundings. The resemblance ends there. Below the chapel there will be a broad terrace,



MODEL OF AIR ACADEMY CAMPUS

In the spirit of Billy Mitchell, the Abbey of Mont St. Michel.

named the Court of Honor. Off the terrace the long Administration Building will stand, and across from it a great glass cube, the Social Hall with a 3,000-seat theater and prom-sized rooms. It will be only a short moonlight walk away from the proposed Guest House.

Designs may change between now and 1957 when the first classes will move in (between this summer and then, cadets will be trained in Denver), but at present the barracks are designed to hold six groups of four squadrons each. Each cadet will have built-in furniture (except the bed) and one roommate. Bedroom floors will be of terrazzo, inside walls of painted plaster. The dining hall will seat all 2,496 students. The academic buildings will have a closed-circuit TV system for special lectures. The walls of the classrooms will be movable, so that instruction groups can vary in size. Students will move from class to class on outside galleries, "thus providing a visual release from classroom work."

A Cigarette Factory? Plans call for an airfield with an 8,800-ft. runway and an Air Force village with four neighborhoods of single homes ("all will look out upon continuous areas of common outdoor living space"), complete with a shopping center and a school system for the families of the airmen, officers and faculty who will staff the school. The Air Force has planned for a "natatorium," squash courts, football, baseball and soccer fields. Construction of a traffic system of highways with cloverleaf intersections and parking space for football crowds will start in June.

Not all of those who viewed the model campus last week approved. Representative Porter Hardy Jr., Virginia Democrat, grumped: "Someone said the academy looks like a modernistic cigarette factory. I'm not saying that's my idea but let's call it unique." But very conservative Senator Herman Welker, Idaho Republican, was pleased with the design. "Heavily, I have nothing but thrills in my heart for the cadets who will enjoy this academy."



CADET CHAPEL
Erno Stoeller—U.S. Air Force

Army Chief-to-Be

Four-star General Maxwell Davenport Taylor, 53, appointed chief of the U.S. (and United Nations) Far East Command only seven weeks ago, was named Army Chief of Staff by the President last week, succeeding General Matthew B. Ridgway, who retires June 30.

A native of Keytesville, Mo., Max Taylor graduated from West Point, fourth in the class of 1922, and became a most unusual soldier. He is a widely read man who speaks French, Spanish, German, Italian, Japanese and Korean (which he learned after he took command of the Eighth Army).

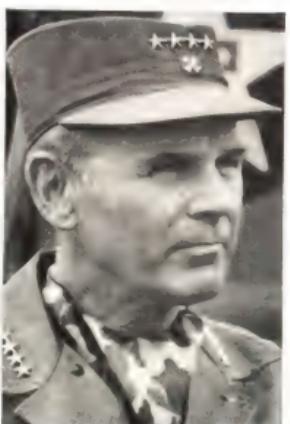
Before World War II Taylor had taught languages for five years at West Point, graduated from the War College and served in Tokyo and Peking. He be-

came one of the first U.S. paratroopers and helped organize the first American airborne divisions. In 1943, in uniform, he slipped through the German lines into Rome and discussed surrender terms with Italian Premier Pietro Badoglio. General Taylor was the first U.S. general to go into Normandy. As commander of the 101st Airborne Division, he jumped in the night before D-day. Later he was wounded, after the 101st jumped near Eindhoven in the Netherlands. During the Battle of the Bulge his division was rushed up to reinforce the sagging lines and was trapped at Bastogne. At the time, Taylor was back in Washington on a special mission. He left his family on Christmas Eve, flew the Atlantic and jeeped into Bastogne with the first tanks to break through.

In 1945 Taylor became superintendent of West Point, revising the whole curriculum during his 3½-year term. He was U.S. commander in Berlin from 1949 to 1951, and then later served at the Pentagon as Army Deputy Chief of Staff for operations and administration until 1953, when he went to Korea.

Taylor, a quiet, handsome six-footer who keeps his weight down to a trim 175, is a notably deliberate man. "I never do anything impromptu," he says.

The officer who will take his place as chief of the U.S. (and United Nations) Far East Command is General Lyman Lemnitzer, 55, who had followed Taylor as ground forces commander in the Far East. Lemnitzer learned parachuting at the age of 50, when he took command of the 11th Airborne Division. He was born in Honesdale, Pa., graduated from West Point in 1920. His most publicized wartime experience occurred when he and General Mark Clark waded ashore before the invasion of North Africa. When Clark lost his pants, Lemnitzer lent him his. More important and much less well known is the fact that Lemnitzer, a brilliant staff planner, was one of the drafters of the NATO treaty.



GENERAL TAYLOR
For a paratrooper, another jump.
Jon Mikell—Life

THE CONGRESS

Backfire

The party caucus is a good way for congressional leaders—when they know they have a majority behind them—to swing a minority into line on legislative issues. But to hold a caucus without a majority is to invite a stinging rebuff; party discipline is shattered, and more often than not the leaders come out with less support than they had before. Last week the Republican leaders of the House called for a party conference to work up opposition to the 3.8% postal pay-rise bill (the Eisenhower Administration was strongly on record against anything more than a 7.6% increase). The session backfired: Republican Congressmen, angry at their leaders and aware of the powerful postal workers' lobby, joined with Demo-

After a Senate Judiciary subcommittee completed hearings on his treaty amendment to the U.S. Constitution, Ohio's G.O.P. Senator John Bricker announced that he would not object to having the issue go over until next year.

Loud & Low

Last week the House of Representatives defeated the bill for Hawaiian-Alaskan statehood after a loud-voiced, low-swinging debate. Loudest and lowest was New York's Republican Representative John Pillion, who discovered that anti-Communist can be used to justify almost any political action.

As he spoke from the well of the House, Pillion stood beside a huge bulletin board thumbtacked with clippings about Hawaii's Communists. Pointing at the clippings with an accusing finger, Pillion cried: "The last session of the Hawaiian legislature was a Communist holiday." The statehood bill, said he, guarantees "Harry Bridges two seats in the Senate and two in the House . . . Statehood at this time would only serve to deliver the Hawaiian state government to the Communist Party on a silver platter."

Pillion has never been to Hawaii—and does not intend to go. He recently explained to the House Rules Committee that he fears Hawaiian hospitality would make him change his mind about statehood. But he nonetheless considers himself something of an expert on the subject. Said he to a newsmen last week: "I've never been to Russia either; yet I know they are a Communist country."

Influence Imported. Hawaii had a few defenders. Illinois' Republican Representative Harold Velde, who has never been accused of being a Communist sympathizer, said that the Communist influence in Hawaii stems from California, and added: "The state of Hawaii would be better able and more inclined to fight the influence of Communism as a state than as a territory." Nebraska's Republican A. L. Miller pointed out that a 1951 FBI report listed only 36 known Communists in Hawaii (as opposed to more than 20,000 in John Pillion's home state) and that seven of the Hawaii Reds have since been convicted.

Although much of the noise was about Communism in Hawaii, there were more basic factors working against the bill. Southern Congressmen (including Speaker Sam Rayburn), fearing the two new states would dilute their anti-civil rights voting bloc, were strongly against the measure. Massachusetts Congressmen (including Republican Leader Joe Martin) were acutely aware that one of the House seats to be given Alaska and Hawaii would be from their state, which barely qualified for its present number of seats under the last population apportionment. Said Massachusetts Republican Donald Nicholson: "We will elect somebody in Hawaii or Alaska to represent my state." Chimed in South Carolina's W.J.B. (for William Jennings Bryan) Dorn: "Is it not true that if our friend from Massachusetts

were to lose his seat . . . he will lose it to a man whom we have deported?" Dorn presumably had in mind Harry Bridges (still undeported).

Steam Gone. The House voted 218 to 170 to send the statehood bill back to committee—and thereby kill it for at least this year. Democrats split almost evenly: 105 were for recommitment, 107 against. Republicans were nearly two to one (113-63) for recommitment. A day later, Dwight Eisenhower gave his explanation for the defeat: "If you put them [Alaska and Hawaii] together, you instantly accumulate for your bill the opposition that applies to either one or to both. I would like to see the bill separated and have always stood for that." This, of course, was precisely why the House leadership had put both measures into one bill.

But together or separate, the chances



PENNSYLVANIA'S FLOOD
Back to iniquity.

crats to vote 328 to 66 in favor of the 8.8% hike. Later, the Senate passed the bill 66 to 11.

Other congressional activity

¶ The House approved the Administration's \$31.5 billion military budget, calling for a cutback of more than 100,000 men in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps (and a 5,000-man increase in the Air Force). Pennsylvania's Democratic Representative Daniel Flood, leading an abortive revolt against the cutbacks, attempted to describe the horrors of atomic war. Cried Flood, a witness at a recent Yucca Flat atomic test: "We were not back in these dens of sin and iniquity in Las Vegas. We were in the trenches with the troops. That is the last time I will try that one. The next time it is Las Vegas for me, too." When his amendments were beaten, Flood went along with the bill on final passage. The vote was 382 to 6.

¶ The Senate confirmed James B. Conant as U.S. Ambassador to Germany.



WALTER BENNETT
NEW YORK'S PILLION
Down with hospitality.

of Alaska and Hawaii are dim for the foreseeable future: the steam has gone out of the statehood movement. Said California's Democratic Representative Clair Engle, an advocate of statehood, in opening the House debate: "If this legislation fails, it may postpone for many years, if not forever, the entrance of these incorporated territories as states of the Union."

THE LAW

A Principle of Justice

Just about dinnertime, on May 11, 1941, a garment worker named Santo Caminito was picked up by New York police for the holdup-murder of Coney Island Merchant Murray Hameroff. Although Caminito had never been arrested before, the cops were sure they had their man. They set out to get a confession—and they did.

Santo Caminito was thrown into a

bedless cell. His family and a lawyer retained by relatives were denied permission to see him. Relays of detectives questioned him for 27 hours, giving him almost no rest. To show Caminito how hopeless his cause was, the police worked a trick: a male detective and two women from the pickpocket squad, posing as witnesses to the crime, confronted Caminito and pretended to identify him as the driver of the getaway car. Caminito finally signed a confession (he later signed a second one) and was duly sentenced to life in prison after the confessions were used as evidence in court. Last week, after 13 years behind bars, during which he appealed vainly in New York state courts, Santo Caminito won the right to a new trial. Said a U.S. Court of Appeals decision written by Judge Jerome Frank: "The confessions obtained by these loathsome means were no more evidence than if they had been forged."

Reminder from Korea. Excoriating the police methods as "satanic," Judge Frank recalled some facts that Americans learned long ago, and of which they have been reminded by Communist brainwashings in Korea: "It has no significance that in this case we must assume there was no physical brutality. For psychological torture may be far more cruel, far more symptomatic of sadism. Many a man who can endure beatings will yield to fatigue.

"To keep a man awake beyond the point of exhaustion, while constantly pummeling him with questions, is to degrade him, to strip him of human dignity, to deprive him of the will to resist, to make him a pitiable creature mastered by a single desire—at all costs to be free of torment. Any member of this or any other court, to escape such anguish, would admit to almost any crime.

"Indeed, the infliction of such psychological punishment is more reprehensible than a physical attack: it leaves no discernible marks on the victim. Because it is thus concealed, it has, under the brutalitarian regimes, become the favorite weapon of the secret police, bent on procuring confessions as a means of convicting the innocent."

Basic Difference. "The important difference is that in Russia the coercion of confessions is . . . legal and avowed, while with us it is always illegal and secret. That difference is basic. It means that we have a principle of justice on which we can rely to bring such coercion into disrepute and disuse . . .

"Recently, many outstanding Americans have been much concerned—and justifiably—with inroads on the constitutional privileges of persons questioned about subversive activities. But concern with such problems, usually those of fairly prominent persons, should not blind one to the less dramatic, less-publicized plight of humble, inconspicuous men (like Caminito) when unconstitutionally victimized by officialdom."

Concluded the decision: "The test of the moral quality of a civilization is its treatment of the weak and powerless."

CITIES

Sin in Galveston

Herbert Yemon Cartwright Jr. used to run a diaper laundry service. Eight years ago he was elected mayor of Galveston, and set out to prove that cleanliness is for diapers, not for Galveston.

Texas law, as it happens, prohibits prostitution, gambling and sale of liquor by the drink. In Galveston⁶ (pop. 65,000) all three flourish. When a state crime committee investigated the situation, Herbie Cartwright told the legislators frankly that the laws of Texas are violated in Galveston because Galvestonians think the laws are wrong.

Freedom of Religion. Herbie was backed up by other witnesses and heartily applauded by the cityfolk. Dominant public opinion in Galveston concluded

the state legislature without being asked his views on vice, tried to shut down the city's notorious red-light district on Post Office Street. Mayor Cartwright's police commissioner, Walter Johnston, at first resisted. Then he calculated that the doxies would fan out into the residential neighborhoods, setting up a counter-Kugle pressure from the citizenry to restore Post Office Street to its old game. Johnston acted, he said, "with great reluctance," for, in following the prostitutes to the neighborhoods, "we will be faced with insurmountable odds." Post Office Street was darkened, but last year, for his pains, Bill Kugle was defeated for re-election.

This year Herbie Cartwright came up for re-election. But Herbie had made the mistake of turning off George Clough's water supply and firing him as city radio repairman. Reason: Clough (rhymes with rough) operates radio station KLUF, which had been accusing Herbie of overcharging for water and mislaying \$18,000 in city funds. George Roy Clough, 64, and 24 years Herbie's senior, decided to run for mayor.

The issue between George and Herbie was not morals but method. Herbie stood for a "regulated city." George's platform was "clean but liberal." It soon became apparent that Clough was planning a wider-open city than Herbie had run.

"What do I mean by clean?" he asked, explaining his policy on bawdyhouses: "Keep the chippies (juveniles) out of the place. Don't handle dope in any way, shape or form. No showing of lewd sex movies." Above all, he added, reopen the old red-light district in Post Office Street.

Get the Girls. Clough's idea was that graft from gambling and prostitution would disappear if the mayor just made it quite plain that these activities did not need special "protection." Last week Galvestonians voted. By 4,646 to 5,640, it was a victory for Clough and cleanly liberalism.

Almost immediately, troubles beset Mayor George Clough. George liked the gamblers but the gamblers did not like him. Said one: "We can't support a man who won't take money. If you can't cut him off, he's liable to get sore and cut you off."

More pressing, however, was the problem of Police Commissioner Johnston, who was re-elected despite Herbie's defeat. (The only reform candidate for police commissioner ran sixth in a field of six.) In defiance of the new mayor, Johnston, onetime friend of segregated vice, declared: "The bawdyhouse district will never open again as long as I'm police commissioner." Retorted the new mayor: "I am going to order Johnston to get the girls back in the district.

"In a seaport town," said Clough, "prostitution is a biological necessity." Christ tried to stop prostitution and failed, he said. "so why should I?" One-armed piracy, however, is not a sporting thing, though the mayor: "I don't approve of slot machines. Most of them are fixed so they don't pay off anything."



Dolores Gifford—Texas Press Service
MAYOR CLOUGH
No dope at all.

The committee, believes "that whether an activity is a 'vice' is a matter of purely personal philosophy; that a country that guarantees freedom of religion has no right to make laws about morals; that public opinion is divided as to whether smoking, drinking, gambling and professional sex service are vices; that the church has the right to teach these certain acts are wrong, but has no right to prohibit them." This view is connected with the belief of many leading Galveston businessmen that sin is good for business; that the tourist trade would fall off if gambling and prostitution were suppressed.

Two years ago a young West Texan lawyer named William Kugle, who moved to Galveston in 1950 and was elected to

⁶ Named for gallant Count Bernardo de Galve (1746-86), Spanish governor of Louisiana and vicere of Mexico. His motto, now Galveston's: *Yo solo* (I alone).

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

CONFERENCE AT THE SUMMIT: WILL IT BRING PEACE?

REDS WILL NOT CHANGE

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL:

THE pressure for a meeting "at the summit" is almost entirely emotional. The feeling seems to be that if only President Eisenhower, Sir Anthony Eden, Premier Faure and Marshal Bulganin could meet face to face, and face to face meet the awful threat of hydrogen war their common humanity would compel them to lift this threat from the world. This is an understandably appealing idea. Yet the unhappy fact is that the idea is an illusion. The power to alleviate world tensions and restore the world to a semblance of peace and quiet rests wholly with the Communist bloc. If they change it will be because they have concluded it is smart to do so.

It does not follow that all types of conferences with Communists are useless or worse. An enemy must always be negotiated with sooner or later. We may hope that the Austrian negotiations will be successfully concluded and that it may be possible to arrange a ceasefire in Formosa Strait. We may hope that in time acceptable settlements of the German and Korean problems can be negotiated. This piecemeal approach is in all probability the only hope of achieving a general settlement of the East-West conflict. Each individual settlement will add to the pyramid of peace. Only when, if ever, the pyramid is finished will it be an appropriate gesture for the heads of state to meet, and then only to affirm the completion of the structure. Then they will in truth be meeting at the summit.

WEST MUST COMPROMISE

Britain's leftist NEW STATESMAN AND NATION:

THE Austrian settlement does suggest that Moscow is willing to bargain. Is the West? If its attitude is that strength is only now beginning to pay off and that consequently the correct approach to the Soviet Union is now simply to demand assent to Western terms, the four-power conferences had better never be held. An essential factor in their success is Western readiness to give something away if the Russians are really prepared to reciprocate.

OVERTURE, NOT A FINALE

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR:

CONFERENCES inevitably create hope. There is risk that the hopes engendered may be out of all proportion to the actual prospects for solution of the problems of keeping peace. Ordinarily a conference of chiefs of state

would signify that their respective foreign offices had carried on a vast amount of preparatory work leading to a series of agreements practically ready to be signed. The very opposite is true in this case. An Austrian treaty is about to be signed by the foreign ministers, but beyond that the really huge questions between East and West are the future of Germany, control of atomic weapons, and perhaps a look at Asia. In view of these differences, the best that is likely to emerge from a meeting "at the summit" is an atmosphere of cordiality, reasonableness, and guarded trust in which the foreign ministers then can settle down to a year or two or three of working out practical details on which an era of peace and progress could rest. If a meeting of chiefs of state will facilitate that process, then by all means let it take place. But let us regard it as an overture, not expect a full-chorus finale in the first act.

U.S. NEEDS A PLAN

THE WASHINGTON NEWS:

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER says his ideas for the Big Four conference are "vague and rather generalized." He wants about three days of very general discussion. No agenda or plan. No subject barreled but none listed. He hopes to sense the atmosphere in the Soviet delegation, clarify his own mind a bit, discover whether the new Soviet leaders are "sincerely hoping to relieve tensions." He wouldn't even have the men "at the summit" try to set up an agenda for the foreign ministers. He would only try to define the broad areas "in which people would start to work." This seems like a dangerously informal approach to the most important international conference in ten years. It defies all rules of diplomacy as well as all experience with the Soviets. The late President Roosevelt didn't want any agenda for his wartime meetings with Uncle Joe. The recently published Yalta documents show the results.

The Soviet delegation will not arrive "at the summit" with any lack of plan. The Soviets enter conferences as they enter military battles. They open with a major offensive. They shoot the diplomatic works at their opponents. And when the opponents stagger they shoot another round. The United States already is late in trying to grab the initiative for peace. The wheels for a "summit" meeting are turning fast. The President should find an early opportunity to restate America's position on all outstanding world problems—a restatement that vividly portrays America's peaceful aims. He should reconsider do-

ing this at the tenth anniversary meeting of the United Nations in San Francisco. He then could attend the Big Four meeting with something besides empty hands and hope.

WEST MUST NOT RELAX

THE ECONOMIST:

THESE are two awkward facts about the proposal. Yearning for the summit has been, and still is, embarrassing for allied unity. The second is that since the death of Stalin it has been meaningless. Without taking at its face value all that the Russians say about collective leadership, it is still obvious that in Moscow now there is no "highest level." The mystical belief that a Churchill-Malenkov meeting could dissolve the solid differences that an Eden-Molotov meeting would merely register has lost all content today when the prospect is an Eden-Bulganin or Attlee-Bulganin meeting. No British government can undertake to ease an anxious world of its fears merely by convening a new conference. It obviously cannot liquidate the armed might or shatter the dogmatic ambitions of the Soviet system, and while these things remain there can be precious little relaxation for the democracies.

EXPECTATIONS ARE SMALL

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS:

IF the meeting accomplishes very much toward [relieving world tension] that result will be a surprise to President Eisenhower and the U.S. State Department. They have agreed to the meeting reluctantly and with profound skepticism. They have yielded to pressure from the governments of Great Britain and France. The responsible officials of those governments themselves do not believe the meeting is actually desirable from the standpoint of international relations. It is, however, politically necessary at home to the men in power. In both countries, people terrified at the possibility of atomic war have been demanding a top-level conference, expecting it to conjure some magic not workable by ordinary diplomatic procedure.

Eisenhower personally has great gifts as a negotiator. In his own way, he is as charming and persuasive an individual as Roosevelt ever was at his best. Fortunately, he lacks Roosevelt's dangerous delusions of infallibility and he surely has a sounder sense of military realities. No man in the world is better qualified to appraise them. We can hope for the best. If [the conference] achieves any good it will exceed most Washington expectations.

NEWS IN PICTURES



JAPANESE TRAGEDY: Panic-stricken passengers from ferry *Shinn Maru* struggle through water toward rafts and capsized

lifeboats after their vessel was rammed and sunk by freighter in early-morning fog last week a mile from Shikoku Island.



Many of ship's 946 passengers, including some 350 children, were hurled overboard when railroad cars on ferry shifted

with impact of collision and rolled vessel on its side. At week's end 154 bodies had been recovered, 15 were still missing.

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

Approach to the Summit

The governments of France, the United Kingdom and the U.S. believe that the time has now come for a new effort to resolve the great problems which confront us. We, therefore, invite the Soviet government to join with us in an effort to remove sources of conflict between us . . . We think it would be fruitful to begin with a meeting of the heads of government . . ."

Thus, in a joint note to the Kremlin, the U.S. and its allies yielded to the pressure that had been abuilding in hearts everywhere (but mostly in Europe) since the day two years ago when Winston Churchill, from the summit of his own giant prestige, had suggested that a "parley at the summit" might mean a "generation of peace."

Some time this summer, the leaders of the East and West will meet as they met in the momentous conclaves of wartime. Three of the chairs will be the same, but the occupants will all be new. In Stalin's place will sit Commissar Nikolai Bulganin, the Soviet Union's Premier, but not undisputed boss as Stalin was. Anthony Eden, alumnus of Yalta, expects to sit for Jeanne Winston Churchill. For the U.S., Eisenhower will sit in the place filled by Franklin Roosevelt. The new chair will belong to France, represented at none of World War II's summit conclaves. Occupying it will be owlish, cautious Premier Edgar Faure.

Compelling Imperus. Men's minds instinctively turned back to those wartime conferences when the Russians sat as allies, and decisions were regarded—by the Western allies, at least—as directed

only toward the defeat of a common foe. Now the Russians have themselves become the enemy, and so the summit meeting of ten years later will be nearer in spirit to Panmunjom than to Yalta or Potsdam, its chief compulsion a mutual weariness of danger. On the West'ssummits this week, there was little more than a feeling that it was worth a try.

But in Paris last week, as the West's foreign ministers gathered to welcome Germany as the new member of NATO, that feeling had taken on a compelling political impetus. The U.S.'s John Foster Dulles was soon closeted with Britain's Harold Macmillan and France's Antoine Pinay in the Quai d'Orsay, in a meeting later joined by Germany's Konrad Adenauer.

The Europeans were urgent. The French Assembly had agreed to permit the West Germans to rearm only on the promise, offered by Mendès-France and confirmed by his successor, that there would be a new attempt to negotiate with the Russians before the Germans actually got their guns. Germany's staunch old Konrad Adenauer faced a similar demand at home for "one more conference." Most urgent of all was Britain's Harold Macmillan, whose instructions from campaigning Prime Minister Anthony Eden were to get a parley at the summit and to get it quickly—Macmillan was to announce it on a TV broadcast in midweek.

Secretary Dulles observed that he was not "adamant" against four-power talks, now that West Germany was safely riveted into the Western alliance. But was a meeting at the summit either safe or desirable? In the past, he pointed out, such meetings had led to "slipshod" work (he was obviously thinking of Yalta).

and the Russians had taken advantage of "general agreements" only to cause trouble later. It would be a terrible mistake, he argued, to arrange a meeting of the chiefs of state and expect them to make decisions on substantive issues in a matter of a few days.

The Compromise. Harold Macmillan, whose diplomatic manner is less polished than his predecessor's, bluntly disagreed. He suggested a compromise. The foreign ministers could meet first, to iron out the agenda and make sure the Russians had no opportunity to disrupt the top-level meeting by a sudden demand, for example, for the presence of Red China. Then the chiefs of state themselves could meet for a limited time, under the vigilant eyes of the foreign ministers. The chiefs would "devote themselves to formulating issues to be worked on and to agreeing on methods to be followed in exploring solutions." Then the chiefs could go home, while the foreign ministers began to negotiate on the matters and through the procedure agreed on.

Dulles pronounced the plan "both useful and ingenious." As one U.S. delegate put it, the Macmillan proposal incorporated the U.S. concept that the foreign ministers should "serve as John the Baptists—prepare the way for the Great Coming," and also ensured that they will do the actual negotiations on matters of substance. Thirty-six hours later, approval came from President Eisenhower in Washington.

Groundwork. With Russia's Bulganin expressing "a favorable attitude," the Western allies set to work to concert their policies. Steps had to be painstakingly hewn out of the ice before the ascent to the summit could be made. The seven Western European Union nations met to put in motion the new organization designed to keep a watchful eye over West Germany's proposed 500,000-man army.

In the NATO Council, the smaller nations quickly made clear that in the future they wanted to be consulted on all big-power policies, not just military decisions. This included such disparate matters as the Big Four talks and U.S.-Far Eastern policy.

Carefully, Dulles sought to set their fears at rest. For "historical reasons," he explained, it rests with "a few" of the NATO nations to take the initiative in opening talks with the Russians. But this is not wartime, when a few countries have to make decisions cutting across the rights of many smaller ones. The few could identify the problems that needed or seemed possible of solution; but the smaller nations concerned would be called in as they became affected. There would be no "deals" behind anyone's back.

What, then, could the Big Four talk about? First, the reunification of Germany, said Dulles. He did not consider the problem hopeless, he said, recalling that six months ago scarcely anyone had



GERMANY'S ADENAUER, FRANCE'S PINAY, BRITAIN'S MACMILLAN, U.S.'S DULLES
The John the Baptists would prepare the way.

believed a solution possible for Austria. Another subject was the "repression of human and national rights in the satellites." The West must not give the impression that it accepts the indefinitely prolonged enslavement of captive peoples, and wanted the captive peoples to know that. There was also the question of thermonuclear weapons and arms control. What is needed there, said Dulles, is "new vigor and hope." Pinay declared that there could be no bargaining over West Germany's new status as an armed partner in the Western alliance.

As for U.S. policy in the Far East, the U.S. has no "double personality," said Dulles. The U.S. does not seek peace in Europe and war in Asia. But he reminded his NATO listeners of Lenin's old edict that the Communist road to victory in Europe lay through the rubble of revolution in Asia. All the U.S. is trying to do is to check Communism there, "as we have here."

At week's end Dulles, Pinay and Macmillan flew off to their rendezvous in Vienna with Russia's Molotov, who quickly accepted their proposals. It was agreed that the time of the meeting should be between mid-July and late August.

The world cautiously took a deep breath. Unreasonable it might be, but there was hope in the air that the cold war might be transformed into a "cool truce." At least, there might be what Adenauer called last week "the beginning of an epoch of negotiations."

EASTERN EUROPE

Getting Set

The speed and coordination of the Soviet Union's reaction to Big Four talks showed that the Kremlin's big men had calculated their moves and primed their propaganda long in advance. Hoping to gain the conference initiative with what countries they had on hand, the Russians:

¶ Signed the treaty making Austria independent and neutral, and recommended Austria's way as everyone's way.

¶ Set up a formal organization of U.S.S.R. and satellites' armies, in a kind of anti-NATO.

¶ Agreed in principle with the West's proposals for disarmament and banning nuclear war, but hedged on the essentials of international inspection.

¶ Announced that their top men, Bulganin and Khrushchev, would drop in on Communist Heretic No. 1, Yugoslavia's Tito, to talk coexistence with him.

In Warsaw's Radziwill Palace, once the residence of the Czar's regent in Poland, the top Communist leaders of Russia's satellite states conferred with Premier Bulganin and Defense Minister Zhukov over a fistful of interlocking treaties for the Soviet Union's NATO-type organization in Eastern Europe. The meeting got the crystal-chandelier treatment, with all flags flying.

"As a result of the Paris accords," said Bulganin, "West Germany is being turned



Russia's KONEV, MOLOTOV, BULGANIN & ZHUKOV
After the chandelier treatment, a visit to a heretic.

into a bridgehead for the deployment of large aggressive forces [and] is becoming the principal hotbed of the danger of war in Europe." From bases in West Germany, "air attacks on our country and other peace-loving states are being planned."

To counter this activity, the Soviet Union and the seven satellite Communist governments (Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania and East Germany) joined in a defense pact, and agreed to a combined military command. The supreme commander: Russia's Marshal Konev. 57. Russia's No. 3 military leader, the man who presided over the trial that ordered Beria shot.

The eight-power pact merely gives paper reality to the coalition of 80 satellite army divisions that already exists. Command will continue to be in Moscow, the top brass will still be Russian, and the troops will still be of dubious loyalty as before. But by making a show of erecting an overall organization, Bulganin could also promise to demolish it. "The treaty will become invalid," he said, when "a European system of collective security is established." How can collective security he established?

First, by a united Germany. "We have been and are supporters of the restoration of a united Germany, as a free, peaceful and democratic state," but "the decisive role must be played by the patriotic forces of the German people themselves."

Propaganda Points. The same day, in London, Jacob Malik, Soviet delegate to the U.N. Disarmament Commission Subcommittee meeting there, spelled out in long-prepared detail how the Soviet Union would end the cold war. He did so without furnishing his fellow negotiators with translations. But Radio Moscow promptly broadcast the message in English, indicating that the Kremlin had intended the idea primarily for propaganda, not negotiation.

First, he asked the U.N. General Assembly to adopt a resolution urging 1)

state control of "any form of propaganda of a new war . . . in press, radio, cinema and in public statements," i.e., government censorship on the loosest of terms;

2) settlement of "outstanding international questions through negotiation between the powers"; 3) "withdrawal by the four powers of their occupation forces from the territory of Germany to their national frontiers"—suggesting that the Red army might pull back to Russia, not Poland, if the U.S. forces pulled back to the U.S., not France; 4) "dismantling of military bases on foreign territories," e.g., U.S. bases in Europe, North Africa and in the Pacific; 5) atom-wise states to share know-how and atomic materials with other states, for peaceful use; 6) Far Eastern settlement on the basis of "sovereignty and territorial integrity" between the countries concerned; 7) elimination of trade discrimination, i.e., free export of strategic materials.

Next, Malik proposed that the Disarmament Commission draw up for the Security Council an international convention which would "completely prohibit the use and manufacture of nuclear and other weapons of mass destruction."

Malik saw disarmament proceeding in two stages

¶ In 1956, after pooling all information concerning their respective armament and undertaking not to increase it, the U.S., the U.S.S.R. and Red China would agree to limit their armed forces to 1,000,000 men each. (These are the figures originally proposed by Britain, against Malik's previous stubborn insistence on one-third reduction all around, a proposal that favored the big armies of Russia and Red China.) In the first stage, nuclear nations would promise not to use nuclear weapons unless the Security Council decided they were acting "in defense against aggression." The dismantling of foreign bases would begin.

¶ In 1957, production of A- and H-bombs would be stopped, military approp-

priations would be reduced, and existing bombs would be destroyed.

Nuclear Control Posts. In many details the Russians had simply swiped allied proposals and claimed credit for them. Said U.S. Negotiator James J. Wadsworth: "Ideas which have been advocated by the Western powers as long ago as 1947 are at last being taken seriously."

But inspection is the key to sincerity in nuclear disarmament. Malik's idea of an international authority was a staff of inspectors operating from "control posts in big ports, railroad junctions, motor roads and airfields." These inspectors would "watch that there are no dangerous concentrations of ground forces or of air and naval forces," and "within the bounds of the control functions they exercise, would have unhindered access at any time to all objects of control." This kind of pretense at control lends itself to the absurdities of the true inspection teams in Korea and Indo-China: unless the host nation defines an arsenal as nuclear, the inspectors would have no right to peek there.

Far short of minimum security, said Wadsworth. The only practical plan is one in which "inspectors can go everywhere and see everything necessary to make sure that forbidden munitions are not being manufactured or that nuclear weapons are not being secreted." In these days, even this may not be enough.

Malik as much as said so: "When many states display legitimate concern for their security, it is difficult to expect that these states would trustfully give other states access to their industrial and other resources which are of vital importance to their security... Thus, there are possibilities beyond the reach of international control for circumventing this control and organizing the secret manufacturing of A- and H-weapons for sudden atomic attack."

YUGOSLAVIA

The Old Balkan Game

"The optimistic opinion that international tensions are decreasing," said Turkey's Premier Adnan Menderes in Belgrade last week, "is more of a feeling than a conception based on hard fact." On a four-day state visit to Yugoslavia, the Turk was doing his best to persuade the third partner in the three-ply Balkan pact (Turkey-Greece-Yugoslavia) to forget its dreams of peaceful coexistence with Russia and to cast its lot with the Western nations in NATO, as Greece and Turkey have done. In a succession of state banquets, his hosts listened respectfully, protested their deep friendship, but acted as if the Balkan pact was primarily cultural and economic, and implied that to talk of military matters was unseemly.

Four days later, in the biggest bombshell of news to rock the nation since Communist Tito broke with Communist Stalin in 1948, the Yugoslav foreign office announced the advent of another set



THE TITOS & MENDERES
Quite a coup.

of visiting dignitaries. Due in Belgrade within a fortnight are Party Chief Nikita Khrushchev (his name came first), Premier Nikolai Bulganin, Trade Expert Anastas Mikoyan, and a passel of lesser Communist sherpas.

Their visit, said Tito's party spokesman, was expected to contribute richly "toward a further relaxation of international tension and the development of peaceful international cooperation upon the basis of equality." Conspicuously absent from the guest list: stonelaced Foreign Minister Molotov.

The Yugoslavs took pains to inform the U.S. State Department and the British Foreign Office that the visit would not affect Yugoslavia's "cordial and good relations with the West." But all in all, it was quite a coup for Communism's No. 1 renegade: never before had Headman Khrushchev traveled beyond the border of Kremlin-style Communism. Tito was probably too cagey to put his head all the way into the bear's mouth. But at the very least, he seemed to be very busy at the old Balkan game of playing off major powers, in hope of picking up an extra concession or two from both sides.

AUSTRIA

Treaty of Independence

Austria rejoiced. Bells pealed, brass bands blared and thumped, choirs sang the national anthem, and the Vienna woods resounded to waltzes. For the first time in 17 years, Austria was free and sovereign. At 11:30 a.m. one day last week, the foreign ministers of Russia, France, Britain and the U.S. met in the marble rooms of Vienna's Belvedere Palace and signed their names with gold pens to the Austrian State Treaty.

Article 35. Long delayed and often despaired of during almost nine years of negotiations and Soviet stalling, the final text of the treaty was hammered out in nine days' bargaining between the ambas-

sadors to Vienna of the Big Four occupying powers. The ambassadors' conference, conducted in strictest secrecy, was probably the most cordial and fruitful session that Western negotiators have had with the Communists since World War II.

The last stumbling block was Article 35, which made over to the Soviet Union a vast collection of former German enterprises in Austria, including the Danube Shipping Co. and a 30-year title to some 60% of Austrian oil properties. In its anxiety to get an Austrian treaty signed, the West was willing, as late as 1954, to accept Article 35. Actually, the article was superseded last month when Austrian Chancellor Julius Raab flew to Moscow and agreed to buy back the German assets with a ransom of \$2,000,000 cash, 10 million tons of oil and \$150 million worth of manufactured goods in ten years. Russian Ambassador Ivan L. Ilyichev insisted that Article 35 remain in the treaty, on the ground that Raab's deal with Moscow was purely bilateral, and no business of the West.

Spotting Snags. U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn E. ("Tommy") Thompson was quick to spot the snag. Keeping Article 35 in the treaty, he pointed out, would give the Soviet Union a permanent legal pretext for reviving its claims on Austria, should Moscow ever decide to Welsh on its deal with Raab, Washington, London and Paris supported Thompson's stand. John Foster Dulles made it plain that he would not fly to Vienna to sign the Austrian treaty unless Ilyichev yielded. The result was a compromise: Article 35 was left in the treaty, but a note was attached, binding the Russians to the arrangements made with Raab in Moscow.

From that moment on, the treaty was ready for signature. Its main provisions: ¶ Restore Austrian independence by promising to withdraw the 60,000 occupation troops "within ninety days"; ¶ Establish Austria's boundaries as they were on Jan. 1, 1938; and forbid another *Anschluss* with Germany;

¶ Respect Austria's territorial integrity. Additionally, the Big Four are expected to promise to "recognize and observe" Austria's neutrality.

Austria's Foreign Minister Leopold Figl had gone out of his way to say that Austrian independence was "particularly due to American help." When Molotov arrived from Warsaw (see above), all grinnily with benevolence, Figl greeted him at the airport with a good-natured but double-edged reference to Austria's ten years of occupation. "Now you come as a real liberator," Figl told Molotov.

At the Austrians' earnest request the Big Four agreed to eliminate a war-guilt clause written into the treaty. Then, after the signing, Figl led the four foreign ministers onto the balcony of the Belvedere Palace. A cheering crowd went wild when the Austrian waved a copy of the treaty over his head. Molotov, Dulles, Macmillan and Pinay clasped hands together and solemnly held them aloft. That gesture, too, brought down the house.



It helps the Fireman save that child

BURNING problem for engineers of a large, fire-fighting-equipment manufacturer was the compact V-belt drive on their high-pressure, water-pumping units. Standard belts sometimes failed at the height of the first fire they fought.

Since failure at a fire couldn't be risked, the G.T.M. — Goodyear Technical Man — was consulted. He specified matched sets of COMPASS-V-Steel Belts, sinewed with airplane-type steel cables to handle the heavy loads without a slip. And they do.

Firemen report these precision-built belts operate two to three years *without a single take-up*. Perhaps they can do the same for you. Find out by seeing the G.T.M., your Goodyear Distributor or writing Goodyear, Industrial Products Division, Akron 16, Ohio or Lincoln, Nebraska.

YOUR GOODYEAR DISTRIBUTOR can quickly supply you with Hose, Flat Belts, V-Belts, Packing or Rolls. Look for him in the yellow pages of your Telephone Directory under "Rubber Products" or "Rubber Goods."



GOOD YEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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Anne Fogarty, famous fashion designer, drives a De Soto Sportman.

DRIVE A DE SOTO BEFORE YOU DECIDE

There is no word in the English language that quite describes the utter satisfaction, the thrill, the delightful ease of driving a De Soto. Here is a car that translates your wishes into action almost with the speed of thought itself. There is an eager, natural response that is quite different

from anything you're likely to find in other cars. That is why it is really important that you "drive a De Soto before you decide!" Your De Soto dealer will be delighted to have you take a turn at the wheel of either a Firedome or Fireflite. De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation.

GREAT BRITAIN

On the Hustings

[See Cover]

Here was Nottingham, where 300 years before, Charles I broke with Parliament and challenged Cromwell's Roundheads. "I hear you like photo finishes," cried Anthony Eden to the horse-betting Nottingham crowd. "All right, but just get the right man ahead this time." Women craned and gawked to get a good look at the handsome, well-tailored Prime Minister of Great Britain, up there on the crude wooden platform. It began to drizzle. Eden patted his grey hair. "My word, it's rain. Well, never mind, I'm sure the sun will shine again." There were chuckles from the crowd. "The cost of living has gone up much less under us than under the Socialists . . ." Eden went on. "But the most important thing is peace. Peace. Send us back! That is the last thing I want to ask you."

Then there was Buckinghamshire and a home named Cherry Cottage—or at least the best reproduction of it a London TV studio could manage. Inside a modest, chintzy living room, a camera settled on the figure of former Prime Minister Clement Attlee, slightly hunched over like a shiny-domed parenthesis. "We want only those restrictions which make life freer for the majority," explained the leader of Labor. ". . . The tiger in his cage is very fed up, but the rest of us are pleased he is behind bars. That is the only kind of restrictions we want." As for peace, of course the Tories are for it too. "But we believe in these things more dynamically and with a greater sense of urgency."

Wasted Years? And then there was Lancashire—a crucial place, Lancashire, with 10% of the seats in Commons and most of them closely held. Behind his Frigidaire exterior, Chancellor of the Exchequer "Rab" Butler was warmly familiar with the Lancashiremen's chief concern—with textile mills down, they are not sharing in the prosperity that bathes most of Britain. The Laborites were crying that the Tories had wasted their 3½ years in power. "Wasted years!" snorted Butler. "Do they think the years were wasted which produced 1,000,000 houses? Which ended the wars in Korea and Indo-China? Which solved the economic crisis they left behind? Ended the rationing? Abolished the controls?"

Around dour Glasgow, there were seats to be won or lost by the hair of a sporan. Stubby Scotsmen in sack suits, caps pulled down and pipes jutting from the crags of their faces, listened to the rough organ music of Aneurin Bevan. "In the Labor Party, it's true we've been having an argument about the hydrogen bomb, and I've been in the middle of it to a certain extent." The crowd laughed appreciatively at his understatement. "We argue . . . over our policy . . . We don't reach our policy in quiet country houses. Because we have been brought up pretty rough, we are usually quite loud about it. Amongst the Tawies [Bevan's habitual

pronunciation of Tories] there is peace and harmony—as there is in a graveyard. The Tawies have no searching human perplexity. We want the House of Commons filled with men and women who share the perplexity of ordinary men and women."

Who Shall Rule? From Land's End to John o' Groat's, the spring air of Britain swirled alive last week with the sound of political combat—a noise deeply serious, bitterly contentious, sometimes strident with the ugly notes of class hatred, but for all that, comfortably reassuring. Election Day was coming again to the country where parliamentary democracy was born.

Who should rule Britannia? Suave Sir Anthony Eden, 57, ensconced at last in

made up their minds. Unless an astounding landslide is in the making—and few think one is—roughly 12 million to 13 million Britons are steadfastly for Labor and about the same number, or slightly fewer, are habitually Conservative. Perhaps 500 of Commons' seats are therefore already spoken for. But in about 130 other constituencies, locked in the elusive mood of Britain's several million wavering voters, lies the mandate to govern.

Over the Pans. To judge by their manifestoes, the antagonists had few real deep-down issues to differ over. Burned badly by their six-year watch over the hot pans of nationalization, the Laborites are no longer such strident advocates of Marxist Socialism. The once deep-blue



George Douglas

PRIME MINISTER EDEN & WIFE CAMPAIGNING AT GREENFORD
With wind and wit, foot and fancy, rancor and fellowship.

No. 10 Downing Street after faithful years in the shade of the giant Churchill? Or Clement Attlee, 72, the plain and comfortable architect of the postwar Welfare State? The Conservatives, heirs to Pitt and Disraeli and Churchill, scions of the best schools and families, trustees of the government for the past 3½ years? Or the Laborites, offspring of the coalpits, workshops and the London School of Economics?

Some 35 million voters in 630 parliamentary constituencies had three weeks in which to listen, question, heckle and then, on May 26, to vote. Even before the first campaign oratory vibrated over trim farmlands, past black smokestacks, across cobbled village streets and town squares, the vast proportion had already

Tories, turned pastel by the demands of a new, more progressive generation of Conservatives, have dismantled only a part of the Welfare State (public ownership of the steel and road transport). They have committed themselves to many of the economic and social concepts it was built upon. In foreign policy the two parties differ in tone, and sometimes in detail, but stand mutually for negotiation-through-strength in Europe and go-slow in Asia.

"Shades of grey" are the only differences London's *Economist* could see between the parties. Campaigns are designed to make those shades seem black and white. For Anthony Eden and the Conservatives, the May 26 election is a big gamble. With the prime-ministership, Eden in-

herited only a thin 19-seat majority from Sir Winston Churchill. Had Eden wished, he could have limped along for the remaining 18 months of the Conservatives' five-year mandate. But he chose to risk an election to seek a mandate of his own for a full five years, hoping to win a bigger majority.

The gamble was, of course, carefully calculated and nicely timed. As the campaign got going, the London bookies' odds (4 to 1) sharply favored the Conservatives. The Conservatives were ostensibly united and plainly well organized; the Laborites were divided between Attlee moderates and Nye Bevan rebels. The Tories could point to the highest level of prosperity in Britain's history, achieved while shucking off the controls which war and Socialist experimenting had imposed. The *News Chronicle's* Gallup poll last week showed a 21% edge for the Tories, a gain of 2% from late April. But above all, Eden was able to kick off his campaign with a promise of the long-awaited "party at the summit." "If the Tories cannot win this election," said Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, "then they can never win one."

"**You, You!**" The parley at the summit put a crimp in Labor's attempt to show themselves more appalled than the Tories by the H-bomb.

"There is in the international scene a feeling of spring after a long winter of discontent," cried Rab Butler at Liverpool. "It would be folly to change the government, which has done so much, just when perhaps we may win the first rewards of patient waiting."

Anthony Eden, gradually working off a slightly ill-at-ease manner and flashing quick, rabbit-like smiles, eagerly seized the opportunity. "Nothing is more displaced than the Socialist suggestion that we have been dilatory in our approach to Russia," he said.

"I have talked across the table with the Russians for many years, probably more than any other man living," said Eden in his home constituency of Warwick and Leamington.* The response emboldened the man who had waited so long and now stood, at last, in the sun. "You must decide on May 26," he said at Reading of the coming Big Four meeting, "whether you want me to go or somebody else." "You, you!" some of the listeners shouted. "It's very nice of you to say that," replied Anthony Eden.

The Laborites were chagrined and showed it. Eden's sudden fervor for a meeting of chiefs of government after months of discouraging Sir Winston Churchill from trying, grumbled Clem Attlee, was naught but "a deathbed repentance." "I do not believe the government have seized all the opportunities they might," said cockney Herbert Morrison, Labor's last Foreign Secretary, speaking at Eastleigh in Hampshire. "The Labor government would be more energetic. I mean, compare the mentality of the Tories and the Socialists. We're the lively lot, they're the slothful lot . . ."

To some, the Big Four move was a dirty American trick. "President Eisenhower has never believed that any good will come out of top-level talks," said Laborite Woodrow Wyatt. "All he is trying to do is to prevent the Labor Party from winning," Nye Bevan added bitterly. "There is no government in Great Britain that the American millionaires want more than a British government which represents British millionaires."

* Whose approximately 52,000 voters are the only ones in Great Britain who will find Eden's name on the ballot. The voters of Walthamstow West are the only ones who vote directly for or against Labor's Clement Attlee. Each constituency votes for its own M.P.; the party that elects the most organizes the government and installs its leaders.

A Blind Eye. Both sides were like wrestlers, breathing heavily, circling and feinting to find the openings for a grapple hold on the other fellow. One corner of the ring was the "brick and Brussels-sprouts" constituency of Mid-Bedfordshire. Mid-Bed was long a Liberal Party stronghold. In the increased polarization of politics, the Liberals have been everywhere crushed in the middle.

The once great party of Gladstone and Lloyd George was now contesting only 109 seats. Lloyd George's son Gwilym was now a Tory minister. Lloyd George's daughter, Lady Megan, last month gave up Liberalism for Labor, saying it was the only refuge for honest radicals. "We're gone now," an old Liberal in Mid-Bed conceded. "This year we haven't even got a candidate. There's some 6,000 of us has got to choose between the Tories and the Socialists."

Into Mid-Bed, on a cold, rainy day, went a Labor star, Hugh Gaitskell, once Chancellor of the Exchequer. "The Tories say that industrial production is at record levels," said Gaitskell. "They are right, of course, but 'record level' doesn't mean anything. It was at record levels all during the years of Labor government. What is important is the pace production is rising. From 1946 to 1951 [Labor years] production rose 35%, or 7% a year. Under the Tories in the last three years, it has risen only 10%, or 3% a year."

"We're at even eights in Mid-Bed," commented a Conservative shopkeeper. "If you can guess which way we'll go you know more than anybody else hereabouts."

In the marginal division of Wycombe, bright young (38) Tory Minister of Supply Reginald Maudling agitated memories of austerity. "Either go ahead with us—less controls, more freedom, less taxes," said he, "or with Labor—more nationalization, rationing, more controls."

Across the Suffolk flatlands, Herbert



CANDIDATE BUTLER IN LIVERPOOL



CANDIDATE MORRISON (BOW TIE)

Morrison, campaigning with his tour-tired bride of four months, accused the Tories of raising the cost of living 13% since taking office, and caustically read off comparative 1951 and 1955 prices for market-basket items. "To the housewives who needed pots and pans [the late Sir Stafford] Cripps and I had to say, 'Sorry, girls,' because of the foreign demand. That was politically courageous." At Thetford (Tom Paine's birthplace), Morrison took off on big business, monopolies, and the impending start of commercial TV. "I put it to you," said Morrison mildly. "You ought to punish them for that. It really is very naughty."

Going to the Country. This kind of old-shoe geniality was also the style set by Clem Attlee, who tours the countryside in a car with his wife. Labor's most effective poster was a big photograph of him with the simple legend: "You Can Trust Mr. Attlee." As usual, his words were unexciting but got their emphasis from a certain wispiness of voice. Of the Big Four meeting: "We are all glad to see this rather delayed improvement . . ." "Clem," summed up one old party man, "is the greatest asset we have." A pipe-smoking, Christian, suburban respectability is his appeal.

Nye Bevan, by contrast, was all slash and stab. "The Tawies have got the difficult task . . . of trying to persuade the poor to vote the rich back into power . . . Eden has been the best-looking man in British politics for 40 years . . . He's been sitting on his charger waiting for Sir Winston to ride and . . . now he's a bit saddle-sore."

Nye Bevan's chosen enemy was not just Eden, but a whole class—including the ten Etonians in Eden's Cabinet. At Scotstoun, near Glasgow, Nye singled out the Cecils, that historic family whose present member, Lord Salisbury, is one of Eden's closest advisers. "Salisbury is a Cecil,"



CANDIDATE BEVAN SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS IN GLASGOW
Shades of grey become shades of black and white.

Carl Mydans—Life

Bevan almost spat the name at his audience. "The Cecils have been in the government of England since the Poor Law was enacted. They built country houses in the best parts of England, and they built workhouses in the worst parts. Youngsters who have come of age since the war have no idea what the workhouses were like. of the dread people felt that they would one day wind up in one. I am proud to have been the minister responsible for getting rid of the workhouses."

In the workers' streets and docksides and pitheads, there was no man who could stir the wind and grip the emotion like Welshman Bevan.

"The Americans don't like the way the Peking regime was established," he thundered. "How about the way America was

established? It's necessary for us to tell our U.S. friends to grow up . . . They must listen to us with more respect . . . We have acquired more wisdom than [America]. If this is the path she intends to tread, we don't intend to tread it with her."

"If there are any Tawies present," Bevan shouted to a steel and textile crowd at Kilbirnie. "I want to tell 'em that Tawies and Christianity are inconsistent with each other."

For pure root-raising demagoguery and raking of old hatred, the Tories had nothing to match Nye Bevan. But then there were many who regarded Bevan as a liability when it came to getting the votes where Labor most needed them: among the middle class, which distrusted the



WITH SUPPORTERS IN LEEDS

Brion Seed



CANDIDATE ATTLEE IN STEVENAGE

Brion Seed

upper-class overtones of Toryism but disliked the raucous dogmatism of Labor. Rab Butler turned up in Newcastle, the shipbuilding, coal-mining Labor stronghold where in 1932 more than a third of the working force was on the dole, and where nobody forgets Jarrow, the nearby "town that died."

To an audience of Conservative faithful (admission was by ticket), Butler went through his usual list of Tory accomplishments and hopes.

"And this," said Butler at last, "brings me to the whole issue of the class war—whether you prefer a government which plans to divide the wealth before they think out how to increase it, or one which pushes forward and creates new wealth in which we all can share." He brought up the name of Nye Bevan. "I don't propose to waste much time on this fellow this evening," said Butler. "I was reading *Pilgrim's Progress* recently. In it, Christian meets up with a Mr. Talkative from Prating-row. I was very struck by something that Christian said of him. He said, 'All he hath lieth in his tongue.' The crowd burst into applause.

The Hecklers. One familiar rumbling voice was unheard during the campaign's first week. Retired only five weeks from No. to Downing Street, Sir Winston Churchill was nominated without opposition in his old constituency of Woodford. In Eden's opening campaign speech to the country, Churchill was not even referred

to. "There is of course no gratitude in politics," commented the *Manchester Guardian*. "But it . . . does seem a little curious that the Tory Party should have dropped Sir Winston . . . absolutely, as if he had become a liability, almost an outcast." Before the week was out, Eden dispatched an amends-seeking note to "the architect of our success . . . the leader under whom I have been so proud to serve." It was one of Eden's few fumbles, and betrayed his felt need to emerge from the shadow as a leader on his own.

Eden himself was not spared the heckling that is a public art in Britain. At one sunny stopover, Eden took off his coat and raised his voice to compete with roaring traffic. "The Socialists have been saying all we do is look out for the rich. We took sixpence off the income tax," he said. Beside him went on, the Tories had raised old-age pensions.

A grey-haired lady shouted from the crowd: "Why do you wait three and a half years?" Angry bystanders jostled the lady and murmured, "Go back to Moscow." Eden put on the father-knows-best manner which comes all too easily to well-schooled, club-and-garden-party-trained Tories. "You ought to be ashamed to mention the matter, dear lady," said Eden. "We have built more schools in three and a half years than the Socialists in six." "Not enough," snapped the old lady.

Touring London's suburbs at week's end, Eden ran into uglier heckling. "You're

a traitor to Britain by giving arms to the Germans," a hoarse voice called out, and trailed off into an accusation that Eden and the Conservatives had sat back on chairs while Britons died in the war. Eden reddened and flared. "I lost two brothers in the first war and my son in the last one." The heckler howled: "You're a scoundrel!" Eden rejoined: "I am quite willing to be called a scoundrel, but I won't let anybody say that I and my family have not done their share for the country."

At another stop, heckled again about German rearmament, Eden replied: "I've fought two wars against the Germans. But if you are going to perpetuate hate, you'll never have peace. If you live in hate, you'll never bring peace to the world, my friend." The crowd loved it. "Bah," belched a husky throat. "Bah," echoed Eden. "Just listen to that answer. Any sheep can make that noise."

The first brisk 80-mile swing gave Eden a worn look but bouncy high spirits. "I found our people everywhere in excellent heart, so I don't think you need worry about spirit in our camp," said he to one rainy-day crowd. "But there's one thing I worry about and I'd like you to worry about. Everyone must vote." Housewives shouted, "Hear, hear." "That's the stuff," replied Eden with a smile. "Please don't get overconfident."

So, with wit and wind, fact and fancy, rancor and fellowship, democracy worked its special ferment in Great Britain. At the campaign's halfway mark, big things like a drop in the price of tea, bred confidence in Tory meeting rooms. The Liberal London *News Chronicle* reported that in "Labor committee room after committee room, there is the grey admission that half the workers are disheartened, the other half defeatist." There were, of course, Laborites who would deny it. But most of the betting was that unless the wind turned full about, Britain was about to vote the Conservatives back in.

NORTH VIET NAM The Fall of Haiphong

In accordance with the terms of Geneva, the French efficiently and soberly pulled out last week from Haiphong (pop. 200,000), their last territorial enclave in northern Viet Nam. Carefully collecting 300,000 tons of military hardware, including salvaged barbed wire and scrap-iron roofs torn from army warehouses, the French evacuated the last of 150,000 troops and 800,000 civilian refugees. Almost all the businessmen left town with them. Frenchmen, Indians, Chinese: those who remained hastily laid out \$1.50 apiece for official handkerchief-sized red-and-yellow-starred Communist flags.

The transfer of power went smoothly, in what the International Control Commission called "an admirable spirit of understanding and tolerance." A Foreign Legionnaire hauled down the Tricolor; a band clanged and rataplaned *La Marseillaise*; popular Commanding General

Ballot Battlefield

Marginal Areas Less than 5% Majority in 1951 Election



René Cogny laid wreaths on monuments marked *A Nos Morts* in the military cemetery and told his troops that it was not they who had lost the war against the Communists, but the politicians at Geneva. Alone, a Vietnamese Nationalist official shoveled North Vietnamese dirt into an urn, wrapped it with a Nationalist flag, and made off with it to the south.

Communist President Ho Chi Minh took over Haiphong with 10,000 men selected from the elite regiments of Dien-bienphu; frozen-faced, in green uniforms and the inevitable sneakers, they carried identical bouquets of flowers. But when Haiphong was secure and with it the whole of North Viet Nam (pop. 12 million), Ho's orthodox Communist purge got under way.

"All those who collaborated with the French and Vietnamese Nationalists must report at once to the nearest police station," droned unseen men in loudspeaker cars that patrolled the shuttered streets. There would be new taxes, new penalties for opposing the state; there would be meetings in which the people would be urged to denounce their own misdeeds and those of their neighbors. As the curtain of Ho's bloody conformity enveloped Haiphong and the Bay of Along, with their coal mines, docks, cement works and grotesquely jagged offshore islands, Ho Chi Minh made arrangements for a victory parade.

"You may cheer our troops," the unseen men in the loudspeaker cars told the people, "but you may not cross the streets."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Agreement of a Sort

After three brooding sessions, French Premier Edgar Faure and John Foster Dulles last week proclaimed themselves in agreement on South Viet Nam. "We may have different degrees of hope," was the way Premier Faure put it, "but it is certain that our desires are the same."

Essence of what the French called "total agreement": 1) France said it would loyally support Nationalist Premier Ngo Dinh Diem, 2) the U.S., with unconcealed distaste for Bao Dai, agreed that he should stay on as absentee chief of state until a Vietnamese assembly could be elected to decide his fate.

Both the U.S. and France agreed to remove those of their functionaries in South Viet Nam who are deemed disturbing to Franco-American harmony. The French agreed to pull the seats of warlords and gangsters off Diem, thereby indicating unblushingly that they have been manipulating them from the start. The French wanted the U.S. to get its man Diem to soft-pedal his anti-French line, to which the U.S. replied that Diem was not its stooge, nor did it want him to be.

In Saigon, Premier Diem bowed to criticisms of his governing base by appointing nine new Cabinet members, and preparing for elections, which he expected would lead to the dethroning of Bao Dai and the establishment of a republic.

ITALY

Distensione

Italy's Presidents, like other European Presidents, are expected to deliver harmless inaugural speeches in favor of orderly government and sober living. But last week newly elected President Giovanni Gronchi, Catholic advocate of the "opening to the Left," startled Italy's assembled



Sandro Vescovali
PRESIDENT GRONCHI
He meant himself.

legislators by delivering a rousing political inaugural that plainly pleased the Communists more than his own party, the Christian Democrats.

"A ten-year cycle has been closed," cried President Gronchi, "and a new phase is about to open." By the new phase, he meant himself. "I don't think I am being blinded by vanity, but I believe that never before has the Italian Republic been so near the soul of its people as in this moment."

The man who had been elected with the votes of the Communists and Pietro Nenni's fellow-traveling Socialists, and the belated, reluctant support of Premier Mario Scelba's Christian Democrats, talked grandly about "the start of my mandate." His mandate, he hinted, was that Nenni's fellow-traveling Socialists should be brought into the government. He gave only perfunctory support to the Western alliance, and insisted instead that "the new phase of our national life coincides with the new trends in international relations."

Time and again, the Communists and their Socialist allies leaped to their feet to applaud and cheer. Premier Scelba sat dourly throughout. Afterwards, new President Gronchi received the Christian Democrats' party boss Amintore Fanfani and told him: "Let's hope my election will bring about a *distensione* in this country, which I, as chief of state, will do my best to promote." "*Distensione*" is Italian for

easing of tension, and its advocates mean by it not only coexisting with Russia as a nation, but coexisting at home with sweet-talking fellow travelers in an old-style popular front.

But that day is not yet here. As required by custom, Premier Scelba journeyed to the Quirinal Palace to present his formal resignation to the new President. Scelba made it plain that he regarded his resignation as only "a personal expression of dutiful deference." Gronchi took the hint, and formally rejected the resignation. Scelba, who has shown more agility in surviving in office than activity in governing, thus won another reprieve which should last at least until the Sicilian elections in early June.

RED CHINA

Two Kills, Two Probables

In Korea, where peace is precarious and the Communists openly defy the truce by moving in forbidden troops and supplies, the U.S. likes to keep an aerial watch on the enemy. The Chinese Communists do not like to have intruders flying over the northern half of the Yellow Sea, in the vicinity of Port Arthur and Dairen or the big MIG base at Antung, but the U.S. insists on its right to fly over international waters.

Last week eight Sabres from a South Korean base were jumped by 15 or 16 MIGs over open water some 40 or 50 miles southwest of Antung. The Red pilots failed to hit any Sabre, but the Americans shot up two of the enemy jets so badly that the pilots bailed out, and two other MIGs were seen tumbling toward the sea, trailing smoke. Score: two kills, two probables.

Peking, protesting, claimed that the Sabres had flown over Chinese islands. The U.N. command lodged a counter-protest at Panmunjom: "Again, you officially warned that if aircraft of our side are attacked, they will defend themselves."

SOUTH AFRICA

Dying Democracy

One by one the pillars of democracy are toppling into the dust in unhappy South Africa. Last month the Nationalist government packed the High Court (TIME, May 9); last week it undertook to pack Parliament as well. In the Lower House of Parliament, Prime Minister Johannes Strydom introduced a bill that would increase the membership of the South African Senate from 48 to 89 in such a way as to raise the Nationalist membership of the Upper House from 30 to 77, reduce the Opposition (United Party) from 18 seats to 12.

Strydom's bill is sure to pass, for his party has the votes. The new Nationalist Senators will give the government the two-thirds majority it needs in a joint session of Parliament to change South Africa's constitution and disenfranchise the 45,000 colored (mixed-blood) South Africans who still have votes.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Immigration Slowdown

Canada has everything in the world—except enough people. Since World War II, the country has welcomed nearly 1,200,000 immigrants, but the combination of Western Europe's economic comeback and a sharp rise in Canada's own unemployment cut down the flow this year. Last week the government reported that immigration was off 38%.

In Britain, Germany and The Netherlands, higher wages and improved living conditions are now providing a strong inducement for workers to stay at home. In France and Switzerland the governments forbade immigration agents to advertise or hold public meetings to make their pitch. Hard-luck stories from recent emigrants had their effect even in overcrowded Italy, which has sent one-third fewer settlers to Canada this year than last.

First Ore

From a platform high on a limestone cliff at Picton, Ont., Bethlehem Steel Corp.'s President Arthur Bartlett Homer scissored a ribbon one afternoon last week. In the dark waters of the Bay of Quinte at the foot of the cliff, the rust-red lake steamer *Powell Stockhouse* cast off for Lackawanna, N.Y., with the first load of eastern Ontario iron ore.

The ceremonial sendoff marked the official opening of Canada's newest major mining venture, Bethlehem Steel's open-pit operation at Marmora, Ont., which will provide jobs for some 270 residents of the industry-poor region. Trade and Commerce Minister C. D. Howe, in a speech at the ceremony, spotlighted another point of significance for Canada's fast-growing iron mining industry: "With the opening of Steep Rock in northwestern Ontario, the Quebec-Labrador mines, and this mine,

Canada should this year be a net exporter of iron ore for the first time."

The Marmora iron deposit first appeared as some interesting squiggles on a geomagnetic map drawn after a 1949 aerial survey sponsored by the federal and provincial governments. Bethlehem quietly bought up options, then began probing the subsurface rocks with diamond drills. Buried beneath a 130-ft. limestone overburden, the drillers found an island of magnetite deep enough to last 20 years or longer at the planned rate of recovery (1,250,000 tons a year).

Bethlehem invested some \$20 million stripping off the overburden, constructing ore-loading docks at Picton, 64 miles to the south, and building a mill at the mine site to convert the low-grade (37.5%) ore to pellets testing 65% iron. With ready access to rail transport (through a specially built C.N.R. spur) and a 231-mile water haul through Lake Ontario, the mine emerged as an economical source of ore for Bethlehem's Lackawanna plant, near Buffalo.

As the world's hungry steel mills gulp away the known supplies of high-grade ore, the Marmora operation may point the way to development of other well-located deposits of low-grade ore.

PERU

Experiment in the Andes

An Indian child of three lay in a dusty courtyard under the brassy Andean sky, bony and emaciated, but big in the belly. The visiting U.S. anthropologist, seeing at once that the child was suffering from an infestation of worms, asked the father's permission to take it to a doctor. The father shamefacedly stalled for a day, another day, and a third—until the child died. Then the reason for the father's reluctance became shockingly clear. The

family and all the neighbors danced, sang and drank deep at a gay, all-night wake planned days before and sanctioned by their belief that all children who die happily and directly to heaven. An ill-timed cure of the youngster would have embarrassed the whole community, most of all the father in his role as begetter of the fiesta.

This incident took place in 1949 at rock-strewn Vicos Hacienda, 10,000 feet up in the Andes northeast of Lima. But since then Vicos has changed. Last week Dr. Allan Holmberg, the scientist who wanted to save the child's life, reported on the change in a lecture at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, in Stanford, Calif.

A New Patrón. Vicos' plight was ancient. Spanish conquistadores reduced the Inca population there (and all along the high Andes) to feudal serfdom; with independence from Spain, Peru had merely converted the fief into government property leased at about \$800 a year to *patrones*, who got the Indian workers along with the land. The deadening centuries had stripped the Indians of all their skills, pleasures, and arts, and even of the imagination to conceive of a happier lot.

Among the 2,500 Indians who, dumbly surviving, lived at Vicos three years ago, Manuel Cruz, a lean-faced man of 40, was typical. Daylight, for him, meant only work; he had a mild form of tuberculosis, brought up an illiterate son, drank cheap rum at funerals. For the right to keep his ancestral four-acre subsistence plot, he toiled three days a week in the fields of the *patrón*. His superstitious technique for growing his family's food, potatoes, was to "talk to the land."

Into Cruz's timeless existence one day, word came that the hacienda was to have a new *patrón* with a curious name: Cornell University of Ithaca, N.Y. The faraway university proposed (with help from the Carnegie Corporation of New York) to experiment on the most effective ways for bringing modern know-how to primitive peoples. What the job required, in effect: was an isolated human laboratory: Cornell's Professor Holmberg, who once tramped the Andes on a field mission, had picked Vicos.

The Power of Suggestion. Holmberg and his three associates worked largely by suggestions expertly planted with Indian *mayorales* (leaders) in weekly meetings where the Indians spoke of their troubles. A potato famine provided a dramatic opportunity for the first suggestion. The scientists offered the Indians fertilizer, bug killer and a better strain of potato seed. The "medicines for the soil," as Cruz described them, grew potatoes four to eight times bigger than Vicos had been producing. "*Kemi alli, kemi alli*," said Cruz—"Very good, very good."

Fresh from that success, the scientists proposed to start a school. The labor of



ANTHROPOLOGIST HOLMBERG & ASSISTANT WILLIAM BLANCHARD WITH INDIAN LEADERS
Instead of talking to the land, medicines for the soil.



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Cruz and others, plus \$4,000 worth of fixtures, glass and plumbing, raised a building that might have cost \$75,000 or more in the U.S. Lima sent teachers, and Cruz's son went to classes; now, at 15, the boy runs a store of his own, selling soap, candles, flour and cigarettes. Other suggestions, planted with the *mayorales*, brought about a reforestation program, a new water system, training in the trades.

The Reward of Productivity. Obviously, much was learned in the Vicos experiment, and the trifling size of the bill to its U.S. participants seemed to point still another lesson. On insistence of the Peruvians, who balked at any drastic ripping of the social fabric of the highlands, Holmberg did not relieve the Indians of their obligation to work three days a week for the *patrón*. Instead, he increased their productivity so much that returns from Vicos' cash crops rose from \$2,000 a year to \$10,000. The profit nicely covered the needed fertilizer, seeds, buildings and farmers' loans. The Carnegie grant (around \$18,000 a year) covered the research end; the hacienda operation paid for itself almost from the start.

ARGENTINA

Question of Conscience

President Juan Perón's feud with the Roman Catholic Church has raised a painful question of conscience for many an Argentine: Can a good Catholic possibly remain a good Peronist? Last week a Peronista member of the federal Chamber of Deputies, Roberto Adolfo Carena, announced that, as a lifelong Catholic of "sincere conviction," he was resigning from the Chamber in protest against the government's anti-church measures. The Peronista majority, flustered and angry, refused to accept Carena's resignation, instead voted to expel him for "lack of faith, loyalty and solidarity."

Perón & Co. kept up the pressure. In the city of Eva Perón, police locked up 15 leading Catholic laymen, bringing to 60-odd the total jailed in various cities within a fortnight. Half a dozen priests were arrested, making a total of three dozen jailed since the conflict broke out last October. The Argentine Senate passed a bill to end the property-tax exemptions of churches, parochial schools and other denominational institutions. Both houses voted to abolish religious instruction in public schools. The Peronista legislators were unanimous, but the minuscule Radical Party minority in the Chamber (the Senate is 100% Peronista) voted against the measure.

As if to show that he was not feuding with all churches, Perón last week donned a full-dress uniform to receive the Greek Orthodox Order of the Holy Sepulchre, bestowed upon him in the name of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. It is easy for Strongman Perón to be friendly to other churches; in 93% Catholic Argentina, only one church poses any threat to his total control of the nation, or any obstacle to his aim of Peronizing the minds of Argentine schoolchildren.

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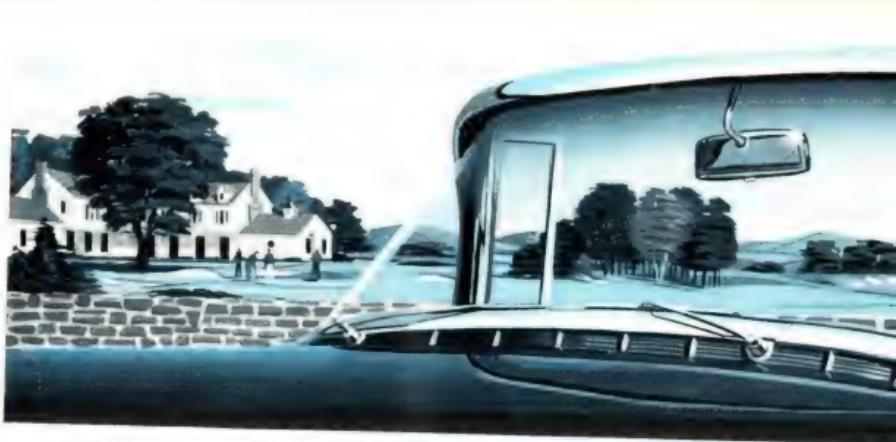


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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Mississippi Squire **William Faulkner**, who lets neither his 1949 Nobel Prize nor his current Pulitzer Prize (*for A Fable*) shatter his belief that he is just a simple agrarian with a literary bent, confided to a Manhattan interviewer that he long since missed his true calling. Said he wistfully: "I was born to be a tramp. I was happiest when I had nothing. I had a trench coat then with big pockets. It would carry a pair of socks, a condensed Shakespeare and a bottle of whisky. Then I was happy and I wanted nothing and I had no responsibility."

At a vodka-splashed party in Moscow's Czechoslovakian embassy, the U.S.S.R.'s Communist Party Secretary **Nikita S. Khrushchev** was asked by a U.S. newsman whether he is the real boss of the Kremlin. On the inside track, Khrushchev grinned, then politely suggested: "Let's have a drink—and ask me another time."

In her first column, the San Diego Union's new Women's Sports Editor **Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly**, retired as the world's greatest lady tennis star at a ripe old 21, showed that sports punditry is as easy for her as smashing a tennis ball down an opponent's throat. Lamented Little Mo in great pontifical style: "[On] the American sport scene today . . . we're reducing sports to a cluster of numbers on a board . . . We . . . are expecting our champions to be stadium automatons, the human equivalent of the balls in a super pinball machine . . . We're watching for the numbers to light up and forgetting the play."

Michigan's gregarious Democratic Governor **G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams** went Dutch to help the townfolk of Hol-

land (pop. 15,858) celebrate their 26th annual Tulip Festival. Clogging among admirers on his wooden shoes, Soapy Williams obligingly got down on hands and knees, worked himself into a lather scrubbing the town's main street, later danced through an arch of arms with pretty Dawn Poppen, who will reach voting age in five years.

Oscar-winning Cinemactress **Grace (The Country Girl) Kelly**, commonly billed as an icy goddess, melted perceptibly in the company of French Actor **Jean-Pierre Aumont**, a widower since his wife, fiery Cinemactress **Maria Montez**, died in 1951. Reunited at the Cannes Film Festival after two years apart, Grace and handsome Aumont promptly began to act as if the thing were bigger than both of them. They danced on clouds,



KELLY & AUMONT
Mooning in the clouds.

held and kissed each other's hands in cozy rendezvous, mooned at each other in public. But had Aumont, who came and thawed, actually conquered Grace? Said he: "She is an adorable and sensational woman any man would be proud and pleased to marry . . . but whether the feelings are reciprocal is up to her."

Burly ex-Coast Guardsman **Russell Tongay**, 39, was hustled from Miami to the Florida state pen to start a ten-year manslaughter stretch. His unsavory crime: causing the death of his daughter, "Aquator" Kathy Tongay, 5, who died in convulsions soon after Aquapop Tongay made her leap from a 33-ft. diving tower into a Miami Beach pool in 1953.

Chicago Lawyer **Adlai Stevenson**, in Africa on a big client hunt, turned up at an old curiosity shop in Pretoria, South



International

STEVENSON IN AFRICA
Hunting among the curios.

Africa. With no clients to bag there, Hunter Stevenson fearlessly seized an assegai (a Zulu javelin) and shield, easily held a snarling (stuffed) lion at bay, all the while kept his own counsel about the elephant hunting he plans to do during next year's presidential election. At week's end, Candidate Stevenson returned to continue his safari through U.S. political jungles.

Except for his boxing lessons, Britain's Duke of Cornwall, better known as **Prince Charles**, 6, has been exposed to formal learning only through the tutoring of a Scottish governess. Last week Queen Elizabeth II and the **Duke of Edinburgh** decided that their son's upbringing should be less cloistered. The royal parents announced that Charles "has reached the stage when he should take part in more grown-up pursuits with other children . . . A certain amount of [his] instruction will take place outside his home [in] classes . . . museums and other places of interest." The Queen asked a favor of Britain's press: please go light on publicity. The press promised full cooperation.

Resting at his Riviera villa after surviving the "three-day mob scene" which opened his first big one-man art exhibit (100 pictures) in Rome, French Poet-of-All-Sorts **Jean Cocteau**, 65, recently elevated to Olympian respectability as a member of the hoary French Academy (TIME, March 7), tried to say what his painting is all about. His comments largely left his paintings, whose own lucidity was sometimes debatable, to speak for themselves. Mused Artist Cocteau: "Writing, drawing, painting are merely different angles on which I throw the searchlight of poetry. Poetry is the opposite of vagueness. It is made up of exactitude, and thereby rejoins science in a realm where figures become numbers which are the mathematics of the prophets." Thus clearing up the matter, Cocteau went for a sail on the Mediterranean.



International
WILLIAMS & CELEBRANTS
Clogging through the tulips.

MEDICINE

Vaccine Evidence

All week long, the casualty list among children inoculated with Salk vaccine kept going up, but fortunately the rate of climb was slowed. The U.S. Public Health Service got moving on its promised "re-appraisal" of all vaccine so far finished by the manufacturers. By week's end the reappraisal teams were authorizing renewed release of vaccine, and inoculations could resume this week.

Clean Bill. First manufacturer to get a going-over was Detroit's Parke, Davis & Co.—largely, no doubt, because its vaccine so far had a spotless record and there was every reason to believe that the PHS would have good news about it. The investigating team did not repeat the whole testing procedure, which takes three months. Instead, it quizzed the technicians in the testing rooms. Team members not only again pored over the bulky "protocols" (elaborate reports from manufacturer to Washington, showing the result of every phase of every test); they also leafed through the underlying data.

After two days' inspection, the reappraisers okayed the Parke, Davis vaccine. Most of it has been shipped and used already, but on hand was enough vaccine for about a million shots. An additional batch of 350,000 cc., ready for shipping, was held back to give the PHS time to reappraise its own reappraisal.

With Parke, Davis in the clear, teams headed for the other labs. Still under ban were the Cutter Laboratories in Berkeley, Calif. No positive proof could yet be drawn from the raw data on Cutter, but a top epidemiologist called them, in his professional patter, "clear evidence that [outbreaks in California and Idaho] have all the characteristics of a common-source epidemic, the Cutter vaccine being the vehicle of infection."

Damning Incidence. At week's end, Surgeon General Scheele told the House Banking & Currency Committee that there had been 67 cases of polio among vaccinated children: 55 after Cutter vaccine, ten after vaccine from Eli Lilly & Co., two after Wyeth Laboratories vaccine. The damning fact was what the experts call incidence. Among the 294,000 children who received Cutter vaccine, at the time of year and in the regions concerned, polio cases would be expected by chance at the rate of one a week. But there had been five cases in the week ended April 23, and no fewer than 30 in the next week. Among the 5,200,000 who got vaccine from other labs, the reverse was true: there were actually fewer polio cases than would have been expected by chance. Ruminating on what could have gone wrong in vaccine mass production (*see below*), one expert said: "It seems clear that polio vaccine which, by all tests, shows no live virus is still able to infect some people."

Apart from Cutter's, is the vaccine newly cleared by the Government safe? Said Surgeon General Scheele: "I wish



VACCINATOR SALK
Is '55 too soon?

to reaffirm my faith in the vaccine." But the doubts raised by the Cutter trouble could not be undone. This week, moreover, with Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby finally submitting her long-promised recommendations on "voluntary controls" to the President, the confused issue of distribution would once more be added to the problem of safety. All things considered, more and more experts now agree with last year's skeptics that, instead of rushing into mass production and distribution of the vaccine, it would have been better to give over 1955 to further tests and careful preparation.

The Dangerous Short Cut

The Salk vaccine of 1954 was safe, as was proved by more than 400,000 inoculations with only 71 subsequent cases of paralytic polio (none of them attributable to the vaccine). But the Salk vaccine of 1955 is not the same as that of



RHEUS GETTING TEST SHOT
Is five enough?

1954. A big difference is in the testing procedures.

How the Tests Work. On the face of it, nothing could be more thorough than the inactivation and testing procedures worked out by Dr. Jonas E. Salk and adopted as standard by the Public Health Service. To "kill" or (more precisely) inactivate the virus, a formaldehyde solution is added to it. Typically, one cubic centimeter of this is enough to kill the virus in 4,000 cc. of culture. After about three days only one particle out of 10 million will be left active. In an effort to eliminate even this last particle, the process is continued for as long as 14 days.

Then comes the testing. From every 1,000 cc. of vaccine, one cc. is taken. Each of these samples is put in a test tube with a tissue culture made from monkeys' kidneys. If there is still any active virus present, it will multiply and, in the process, destroy some of the kidney tissue cells. After a week, technicians use microscopes to see whether kidney cells have in fact been destroyed. If any have, the vaccine batch is thrown out.

But even if no signs of virus can be seen, some of the same vaccine material is tested again, over another week, with fresh kidney tissue. Half a dozen cynomolgus monkeys get shots (in the arms) ten times as potent as a human child receives. And twelve rhesus monkeys are injected, with the vaccine going into the nervous system—some directly into the brain itself. Even if these monkeys fail to get sick, they must be killed (painlessly by ether) after a month and their nerve tissues are examined minutely.

Last year's vaccine was triple-tested[®] in the manufacturer's own labs, Dr. Salk's labs at the University of Pittsburgh, and the U.S. Laboratory of Biologics Control. This year, in an attempt to "short-cut a little bit" (as President Eisenhower put it), the tests were run only by the manufacturers, with the U.S. making an occasional spot check but generally relying on manufacturers' reports. Moreover, last year's vaccine was produced in small lots, like hand-built racing cars, as contrasted with this year's assembly-line production.

Is the Needle to Blame? It now appears that a vaccine can pass rigorous tests and still not be safe for human beings; it seems possible that the arm muscle of the young human animal is the most sensitive of all testing materials for polio virus. It looks as though a vaccine containing only a few stray particles of active virus—which might do no harm to a monkey or great ape when injected into the brain or spinal cord—may touch off paralytic disease when injected into a child's arm.

One explanation is that jabbing a hypodermic into the muscle means cutting or tearing a number of nerves which then offer the virus particles a direct path-

[®] Although the 1954 vaccine was safe, some of it gave little or no protection. Merthiolate, added as a preservative, destroyed its effectiveness. Result: 170,000 youngsters got shots rated as poor or as low moderate; 100,000, moderate; and only 135,000, good.

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way to the brain or spine. This seems plausible because inoculations against other diseases, e.g., diphtheria, may trigger a polio infection even when no polio virus is introduced and the only common factor is the use of the needle.

Is the Strain to Blame? Another explanation has to do with the variable nature of polio strains. Some are virtually incapable of causing paralysis when injected into limb muscles, but readily cause it if they reach the brain. Others are the exact opposite. One of those that most often and consistently cause paralysis when injected into a limb is the Mahoney strain, one of the dozens of strains grouped together in Type I. Why, then, did Dr. Salk pick Mahoney as the Type I strain to be included in his vaccine? For two reasons, he answers: 1) it is a stable and consistent performer that behaves well in the laboratory and can be counted on to give a high antibody response after injection, and 2) it is so effectively killed by the formaldehyde that it is no longer dangerous in his vaccine.

However, there is an increasing suspicion among virologists that the formaldehyde bath does not kill every last virus particle. It does no good to increase the strength of the formaldehyde solution. If that is done, the virus is not merely inactivated but so macerated that the human system no longer recognizes it as virus and will not develop antibodies against it. As for the time the virus is exposed to the formaldehyde, that already runs longer than is theoretically needed to do the job, and may run five times as long. This, Dr. Salk argues, is a safety factor of five.

But in immunology, say Salk's critics, five is little better than no factor at all; they will be satisfied with nothing less than either a vaccine which contains no virus of a strain that can cause paralysis, or safety factors of 100 or more.

Next: Live Vaccine?

While virologists were still trying to decide whether Dr. Salk's "killed" virus vaccine was safe, or how it could be made safer (see above), other experts argued that the killed-virus idea should be abandoned altogether. Leader of this school Russian-born Dr. Albert Sabin, 48, director of Cincinnati's Children's Hospital Research Foundation. His alternative: instead of killing a virulent virus, use a living virus that is nonvirulent to begin with.

Short or Long. To buttress his arguments—that a live virus is better and confers longer immunity—Researcher Sabin went to the Eskimos. In one of their isolated communities immunity against polio was shown to have endured for 40 years after the last previous encounter with the virus. Use of the short-term killed vaccine, argues Sabin, might leave U.S. parents with the necessity of having their children reinfected every year or so. Graver still was the fact that polio is likely to be more serious the older the victim. If children are protected by a series of short-term immunizations, they might grow into young adults with no



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lasting immunity and a dangerous susceptibility to paralytic polio.

But is the live vaccine safe? Dr. Salk, for one, does not think so. Although the live-virus method has been used successfully in the long-established smallpox and yellow fever vaccines, he believes that the polio virus is too tough and tricky to permit development in safe nonvirulent form. Dr. Sabin disagrees, thinks it can be done. Growing virus strains of all three types under hothouse conditions, he found some that, when injected into the spinal cords of chimpanzees, produced no paralysis. All they did was to stimulate the animals to produce antibodies against any future invading polio virus. And these antibodies were, Dr. Sabin said, more abundant and effective than those generated by a killed vaccine.

Only Setback. For human subjects he chose Ohio's Chillicothe Federal Reformatory. Of 30 volunteers (between the ages



Julianne Baker

VIROLOGIST SABIN
Look at the Eskimos.

of 21 and 30), 26 got a minute droplet of a single strain of polio virus in a teaspoonful of milk. The human guinea pigs proved even more susceptible than the chimpanzees to the desired kind of infection. They did not get sick in any apparent way. Yet the virus multiplied in their digestive tracts, boosted their antibody levels, and was excreted in the stools for one to twelve weeks. It was in this connection that Dr. Sabin reported his only setback: some of the virus changed in the subjects' bodies to a somewhat virulent form.

Taking a long leap into a hypothetical future, Dr. Sabin foresees a day when babies will have their throats swabbed with his vaccine before they are six months old, while they are still protected by inherited antibodies. Or, others suggest, people of any age could get temporary immunity from a single Salk shot, then parlay it into virtual lifetime immunity with a Sabin swab.



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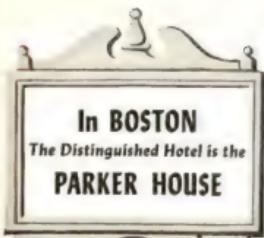
Everyone knows a girl never really has enough clothes -- but she was better dressed, she had saved money, and something even more impor-

tant had happened. She was proud of what she was doing -- and her family was proud of her, too! And it was just because...she did it all by herself, with the help of Simplicity Printed Patterns.

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THE THEATER

Final Score

In the playhouse, the 1954-55 Broadway season was by no means distinguished. But over the bridge table, or during the fish course, it proved one of the liveliest in years. For it was a season that spawned gossip and started talk, that one week provided novelty and the next week made news. The play that won both the Pulitzer Prize and the Critics' Circle Award—Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*—became most famous for telling a dirty joke about an elephant, and then cut it out of the script in the name of decency. The season's first smash hit, *The Boy Friend*, saw its author locked out of rehearsals with a detective guarding the door. *Silk Stockings* was more spotlighted during its harassed tryout than are most

made up in vividness and humor for what it lacked in originality and depth. Comedy otherwise was never more than spottily bright. Clifford Odets' *The Flowering Peach* had engaging scenes but an eventual monotony, while a succession of *Rainmakers* and *Reclining Figures* rained too frequently or reclined too long.

Among musicals, the most winning were the first and last to open—*The Boy Friend* and *Damn Yankees*. *Silk Stockings* and *Funny* were both lavish and hollow; more rewarding were *House of Flowers*, which bloomed brightly before it drooped, and *Plain and Fancy*, which had a nice Pennsylvania Dutch tang if not always enough musical comedy verve.

Amid the usual carnage, only one play died a hero's death: Graham Greene's short-lived *The Living Room*, which



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"CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF"

Amid the usual carnage, one hero's death.



Leonard McCombe-Lux

hits at the peak of their run. Such so-so plays as *Anastasia* and *Inherit the Wind* packed enough second-act wallop to have the whole town talking. *House of Flowers* featured gorgeous rival bordellos. *Lumatics* and *Lovers* a bubble bath onstage.

The season's chief trend was less toward sex, however, than toward good old-fashioned theater, often with an Age of Violence twist. Unashamed in dialogue if a bit evasive in theme, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* had Williams' usual plunging force and reckless, unbraked use of it. Maxwell Anderson's harrowing *The Bad Seed* (about an eight-year-old murderer) wallowed in pain for pain's sake, used tragedy for matinee shudders. Though effective, it never provided—as did Joseph Hayes's *The Desperate Hours*—the exhilarating tingle of a good thriller. A tidy whodunit, Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution* made murder a pleasure.

The season's one good comedy, William Inge's *Bus Stop*, was its most generally satisfactory play. If clearly small-scale work with a touch of formula about it, it

though it ultimately failed, at its best had real distinction. Blatantly among the missing were the theater's classics: on Broadway proper, there was not a single revival of an important drama.

Compensation—in terms of revivals and a good deal else—came from off-Broadway. Last season's white hope, the Phoenix Theater, turned a rather dull grey—though thanks to Comic Nancy Walker, who was very funny when she had material and in places when she hadn't, the largely uninspired revue, *Phoenix '55*, made a dent. But far funnier was the off-Broadway *Shoestring Revue*; and there were such other achievements as Jean Anouilh's gay and witty *Thieves' Carnival*, a stylish revival of Congreve's *Wit Ay of the World*, a sensitive revival—in Stark Young's admirable new translation—of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*. Despite much that is amateurish or pretentious, off-Broadway increasingly ministers to sound minority tastes; these days, indeed, dramatic caviar is only to be had cafeteria-style.



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Ottawa *Citizen*:

MENTALLY ILL NUMBERS UP
BUT MOST PEOPLE SANE

The Gentle One

As a correspondent in the Far East, slim, modest Gene Symonds rose rapidly in the United Press. Right after World War II and a stint on *Stars and Stripes*, he went to Ohio State University for a year, then in 1947 covered the Ohio legislature in Columbus for U.P. Symonds moved to New York, was working on the U.P.'s foreign desk when the Korean war broke out. Unmarried, he volunteered to go to the Far East, became a war correspondent, manager for the Philippines



International

CORRESPONDENT SYMONDS
"I have an important job to do."

in 1951, and Southeast Asia manager three years later. Wherever he went Symonds showed a rare sympathy for the impoverished, war-torn Asians he met and wrote about. "He was always sympathetic and respectful to them," says one correspondent who worked with him, "and that's more than a lot of us were."

Last week in Singapore, covering Communist-led political riots. Correspondent Gene Symonds left the American Club and headed for the scene of the trouble to talk to some of the rioters. His car was stopped at two police roadblocks, but Symonds ordered the driver on. At the second, he told four constables standing in his way: "I have an important job to do." When the car got close enough for Symonds, he handed the driver his card, told him, "In case I don't come back this way, come to the office in the morning to get paid." Then, on foot, he headed toward the center of the crowd.

Hysterical rioters grabbed him, threw him to the ground, began beating him with clubs and stones.

Several hundred yards away, the police saw what was happening. But they had been ordered not to leave their posts under any circumstances, and instead of going to his aid they radioed headquarters. By the time the police van arrived, Symonds was lying unconscious on the ground. Fifteen hours later, Gene Symonds, 28, died of a fractured skull, the 13th U.S. correspondent to be killed in Far Eastern war and violence since the end of World War II.

Promise Kept

Attorney General Herbert Brownell, who announced three weeks ago that the Justice Department intended to file antitrust charges against most of the U.S. publishing and advertising industry (TIME, May 9), last week kept his promise. In the Manhattan U.S. District Court the Department of Justice filed a civil complaint charging the industry with "conspiracy" to 1) fix all advertising agency commissions at 15%, 2) deny credit to "nonrecognized" ad agencies that are not members of the trade associations. Defendants named: American Newspaper Publishers Association (801 member newspapers), Periodical Publishers' Association of America (Crowell-Collier, Hearst-Curtis, McCall), Publishers' Association of New York City (all New York dailies except the *Herald Tribune*), American Association of Advertising Agencies (311 agencies), Associated Business Publications, Inc. (159 business and trade papers), and Agricultural Publishers Association (35 members, including *Farm Journal*, *Progressive Farmer*, *Capper's Farmer*). If the Government wins its case in court, the trade associations will be forced to let each publisher decide how much commission an agency will get and to accept ads from any agency, whether it is "accredited" or not.

The Mysterious Boxes

Managing Editor Don Maxwell, 54, of the Chicago *Tribune* ("World's Greatest Newspaper") has his own private slogan to keep staffers on their toes. The slogan: don't "be second to any New York newspaper." Last month, when Maxwell was visiting New York, his competitive instincts were aroused by a fanfare of Page One headlines in the New York *Herald Tribune* announcing the "Camerama," a new*, secret "revolutionary camera that will make press history." The "amazing camera," bragged the *Herald Trib*, takes a 160°, wide-angled picture, which the paper printed across 16 columns, i.e., two full newspaper pages. The camera mechanism, the *Herald Trib* continued, is so

* The *Trib* this week began another innovation: a pocket-size, \$5-page TV and Radio Magazine, printed on slick paper with feature articles, program listings and full-color pictures, inserted in its regular Sunday edition.

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secret that only its inventor knows how it works, and he keeps it concealed in an "aluminum breadbox." The *Trib* said that other papers were dickering for the use of the camera.

The hoopla was too much for the Chicago *Trib*'s Maxwell. He picked up the phone to Chicago and gave a simple order: match the *Herald Trib*'s pictures.

Last week, across 16 columns, the Chicago *Trib* spread a picture of the Kentucky Derby taken by the "Tribune mystery camera." It was similar to a picture that ran in the *Herald Trib*. Trumpeted the Chicago *Trib* in a Page One story: "The breathtaking 160° picture" marks the opening of a new era in news photography. The mystery camera that took the picture was "concealed in a battered black box resembling a doctor's suitcase." Two days later, the Chicago *Trib* let out the big secret about its "mystery camera." In an editorial aimed good-naturedly at the *Herald Trib*, the Chicago *Trib* said that the "mystery camera" was actually an old-fashioned "panorama" camera (patented in 1806), similar to the type that is still used to take pictures of outdoor gatherings. The *Trib* bought the old camera for \$25, repaired and adjusted it in its own photographic lab and sent a photographer to the Kentucky Derby to test it. Said the *Trib*: "Our confidence in the \$25 mystery camera is not misplaced. We congratulate the *Herald Tribune* editors . . . and hope they didn't spend any more on their mystery camera than we did."

Dismembered Eagle

Outside the Brooklyn *Eagle* one day last week, a ring of pickets circled the plant. The striking Guildsmen, whose wage and benefit demands closed the paper down (*TIME*, Feb. 28, *et seq.*), still did not believe Publisher Frank Schroth's announcement that he would never reopen. "We're not convinced" said one Guildsman. "We're not really sure they're folding." Inside the *Eagle* building, Publisher Schroth sadly demonstrated in the only way he could that the paper was closed down for good. Unable to find a buyer for the *Eagle*, Schroth put it up for auction piecemeal. Bidding was slow, with only one \$8,000 bid for the paper's name, good will and list of 124,000 subscribers (it was rejected as too low). Machinery dealers and printers paid \$108,000 for some of the paper's mechanical equipment and another \$10,500 for office equipment.

Of the paper's 630 former employees, only about one-fifth have found jobs elsewhere. And the union last week suffered another defeat. The Guild had asked for a court order compelling the *Eagle* to arbitrate the union's claim for \$750,000 in severance pay. But the court ruled that the question of severance pay should not be arbitrated. Said the court: "The strike clearly constituted a repudiation by the employees of the continued existence of the contract." With arbitration out as a means of pressing its \$750,000 claim (unless an appeal reverses the decision), the Guild plans to sue the *Eagle* for the money.

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Opera Boom

The U.S. is in the midst of a major opera boom. Last season, 444 groups⁶ in 45 states gave some 2,400 operatic performances. Two-thirds of them were standard repertory, from the *Marriage of Figaro* to *Madame Butterfly*. The rest were contemporary. In the last two seasons, 115 different contemporary operas were performed, 91 of them by Americans.

More than half of the performing groups are college workshops, high schools and conservatories. Knowing that he will probably get his hearing in such a setting, and not at the conservative, perennially strapped Metropolitan, the U.S. opera composer writes in a certain vein. His typical product is a lightweight one-acter with few characters (although it may have a chorus, since singers are plentiful on campuses) and a small orchestra. Its plot is likely to be a fantasy with more moral than melodrama; one act is too short, and young artists are not best suited for grand passion. Its music stems from the German style, i.e., continuous, more or less expressive singing, rather than from the Italian fashion with its separate, show-stopping arias. The voice parts, in their way, are likely to resemble instrumental parts, as they did in the golden age of Italian-style vocalism (up through the days of Handel). Modern composers find this kind of singing more expressive than the vocal thunder of a *Celeste Aida*.

Last week stage premières of new operas sprouted like crocuses around the U.S. Among them:

¶ Norman Dello Joio's *The Ruby*, at Indiana University, Bloomington, had an effective libretto taken from the Lord Dunsany thriller about ruffians who steal the jeweled eye of an oriental idol only to meet the idol's gruesome, supernatural revenge. New Yorker Dello Joio, 42, known for the ballet *On Stage!* and the opera *The Triumph of St. Joan*, has mastered the stage idiom, molded his music in short, restless phrases. His score was notably effective, if not very modern.

¶ Theodore Chanler's *The Pot of Fat*, at the Longy School of Music, Cambridge Mass., had a plot based on a Grimm fairy tale about the disastrous marriage between a trusting mouse and a villainous cat. The libretto evoked critical catcalls, but the music had a light charm bordering on jazziness. At 53, Composer Chanler has never tried his hand at opera before, but his songs are standouts.

¶ Leon Stein's *The Fisherman's Wife*, produced with two-piano accompaniment by the International Society for Contemporary Music in Chicago, was based on another Grimm story, this one about a fellow who catches an enchanted fish.



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FOLDING CHAIRS

⁶ The previous season there were only 386 and ten years before a mere 377, according to a survey by the Metropolitan Opera Guild's *Opera News*.

gives it its freedom and is granted his every wish in return. His shrewish wife takes over the wishes for herself. She becomes king, then emperor, but when she demands that she be made God, the whole strike-it-rich setup collapses. Composer Stein, 44, who is a conductor and a teacher at De Paul University School of Music, saw it more as a serious than a comic affair, and most of the music had a mournful cast.

¶ Ned Rorem's *A Childhood Miracle*, produced with two-piano accompaniment by Punch Opera in Manhattan, was a fragile piece of Hawthorne about two little girls whose snowman comes to life and entertains them until grownups drag him indoors and he melts to a puddle by the firelight of reality. Composer Rorem, who now lives in Paris, welds his Ravelian style with an almost too delicate

of *Bleeker Street* (TIME, Jan. 10) to Milan's great La Scala. Italian-born Composer Menotti, who has lived in the U.S. for 27 years, got a real gala-Scala panning from Italian critics. Wrote Rome's *Gioriale d'Italia*: "There is not an idea, not a melody, not a note which is not either closely or distantly attributable to someone else . . . If this is what it means to write opera, let's not talk about it any more." But the audience enjoyed the show as much as New Yorkers have, called Menotti back for two dozen bows.

New Jazz Records

Some of the newest jazz styles are bouncing out of some of the oldest countries and vice versa, at least in Angel's six LPs of transoceanic combos. From among the historic ruins comes *Italian Jazz Stars*, with its display of long, contra-



JAZZMAN ASMUSSEN (WITH VIOLIN) & UNMELANCHOLY DANES
Bod in the middle, cool-laboration in the ruins.

hand. But he is, at 32, a master writer for the human voice.

¶ Bernard Rogers' *The Nightingale* (on a double bill with *Miracle*) retells the famous Andersen fairy tale of the Chinese emperor who prefers a mechanical nightingale to the real thing. This is Rogers' fourth opera (his second was *The Warrior*, which was sung at the Met in 1947). At 62, he shows some pleasant signs of mellowness, but *The Nightingale's* chirping was too insistently Chinese and too disorganized for comfort.

The high-caliber opera workshops are evidence of a demand for opera that eventually may bring about more truly professional productions. Says Composer Dello Joio: "We're on the threshold of a real American theater. We haven't had our Verdis and Wagners yet. It is inevitable in the next twenty years."

The composer who has come closest to being America's Verdi or Puccini, Gian-Carlo Menotti, last week took his *Saih-*

puntal lines and cool U.S. flavors. Among the stars: Oscar Valdambrini and his neat, confident trumpeting (*in La barca dei sogni*); Roberto Niclosi and his hip orchestra (in something called *Cool-laboration*). Out of the newest culture of all comes *Inside Jazz Down Under*, with Graeme Bell and his jazz band, and the style is pure Old New Orleans. The Aussies make it sound as if they had just invented it, jiggling two beat, grunting tulka, jangling banjo and all.

Somewhere in between fall the other nations' contributions. *London Broil* is the title given a fine series of moods (*SW'nderful, April in Paris*), in a style only as old as yesterday, by Johnny Dankworth's and Jack Parnell's big bands. There is also some happy, unspoiled Dixieland by Freddy Randall's gang (*Carolina in the Morning*). The Angel series bows to Paris in an album called *Le Jazz Hot*, with the late Guitarist Django Reinhardt. It then picks up a newer style in *Jonah Waits*. Jonah is



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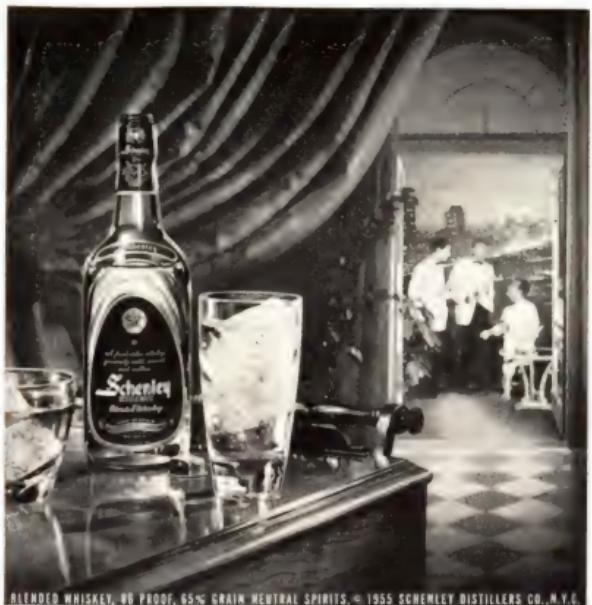
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Robert Elliott Jones, onetime Kansas City-style trumpeter who has also learned to blow up some dust on the new side of the street.

Angel has picked its Danish jazzmen from the middle of the road, too. **Svend Asmussen and His Unmelancholy Danes** contains some swinging close harmony (*Yes, Sir, That's My Baby*) that goes right back to the Rhythm Boys of early Whiteman days. But Leader Asmussen plays his fiddle like Oldtime Joe Venuti with a hop goatie, and a fellow named Max Leth dishes up some imaginative vibes and piano.

Other new jazz records:

Desmond (Fantasy). Alto Saxophonist Paul Desmond, who is usually heard with Dave Brubeck (TIME, Nov. 8), teams up with two other combos on this plaintive and appealing disk. On one side, he infuses his pure, sensitive tones into a handsome vocal fabric (by the Bill Bates Singers). On the other is a quintet, including amiable Trumpeter Dick Collins and Tenor Saxophonist Dave Van Kriedt, who composed such originals as a prelude (*Baroque*) and fugue (*But Happy*).

Jimmy Rushing Sings the Blues (Vanguard). Blues shouter for Count Basie's great band at the turn of the '40s. Rushing has a couple of men from the Basie gang in the band that backs him. He may not have the sweetest voice in the land, but his cries are uttered with a mastery of inflection that causes lumpy throats. His words, traditionally improvised, are chosen with a craftsman's precision. Sample: "Anybody ask you who was it sang this song Tell 'em little Jimmy Rushin'—he's been here and gone."

The Most Intimate (Charlie Shavers trumpet, and strings; Bethlehem). A skillful jazzman, whose muted flights were jewels of chamber jazz in the late '30s, now playing wide-open. Backed by Sy Oliver's strings, Shavers' brazen tones soar, tumble and melt as they extract the moods of tunes by Harold Arlen and Johnny Green.

Reap the Wild Winds (Stuart McKay and his Woods; Victor). A happy nonet, basically a saxophone quartet plus rhythm section, but more likely to be heard playing bassoon, English horn, flute, clarinet, oboe, with a discreet French horn on hand as well. Leader McKay plays nifty bassoon, fast and, when necessary, dirty. The rest of the crew has shrieking fun with sound effects (*What a Way to Run a Railroad!*), and swinging fun with *Those That Live by the Swordfish Die by the Swordfish*.

Shelly Manne & Russ Freeman (Contemporary). Two top West Coast jazzmen go just about as far in mutual understanding as a pair of improvisers can go. Drummer Manne is not only a good rhythm man, but treats his skins, tubes and disks with an uncanny ear for contrasts of color and pitch. Pianist Freeman is an able partner, matching idea for idea, sound for sound. His style falls somewhere between the burbling counterpart of Lennie Tristano and the swinging drive of Dave Brubeck. An adventure.

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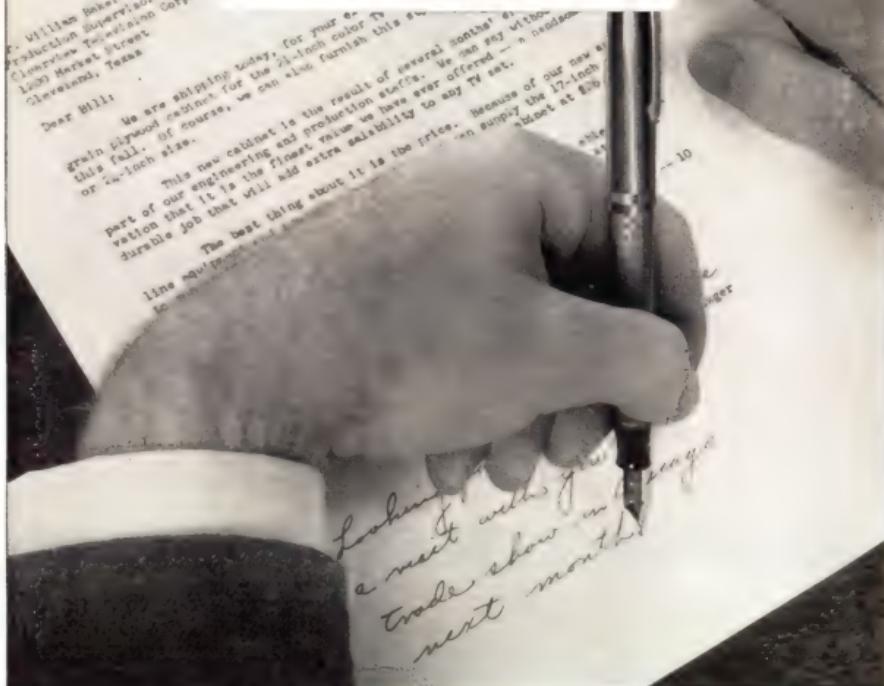


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ITALY'S MIRKO, BURRI AND AFRO DO NEW TRICKS WITH BRONZE, BURLAP AND PAINT.

The Postwar Decade

What has been art's course in the decade since World War II? Future historians may be able to chart it neatly. Contemporaries cannot, for most art of any age is chaff which only the winds of time winnow away. But by the same token, the living can see more of today's art, good and bad, than future historians ever will. Last week the work of close to a thousand postwar artists was on view in New York City alone. The spring downpour of big survey exhibitions offered a new and broad perspective of contemporary art.

AT THE MODERN

The Museum of Modern Art opened a show of 22 European painters and sculptors who have gained prominence in the past decade. The choice betrayed the museum's natural predilection for unmistakably modern, i.e., abstract, work. But within the international mode, the exhibition displayed a surprising variety of national traits.

France was most heavily represented, with seven artists, and made the poorest showing. Its entries were mostly tasteful,

but merely tasteful. Germany did better. Hans Uhlmann offered abstract metal sculptures that look gay as birds yet precisely engineered as bridges. Fritz Winter's contrastingly gloomy canvases showed what dim-lit richness a few masterfully placed bars and smears of color can assume. The British contingent was all grim, and saved from dullness only by the brilliant horror pictures of Francis Bacon (TIME, Oct. 19, 1953), who can make a painted face seem to shout out loud.

Italy stole the show at the Modern. Rome's Alberto Burri even managed to be pleasantly shocking. His "pictures" consisted chiefly of ripped, patched and pasted burlap. Sculptor Mirko (last name, Basadella) exhibited four metal abstractions in four separate styles, each startlingly successful. His *Chimera* has the still aliveness of an ancient Chinese bronze; his *Architectonic Element* is a single sheet of brass cut and bent to take the light as elaborately as a great scarred cliff.

Mirko's brother, Afro, offered the most rewarding canvases of all: Afro's abstractions seem always on the point of becoming recognizable, like reflections in a rippling pool. His spider-web lines and

frosted glass colors move and shimmer delightfully, seeming to change with the mood of the observer. Like all first-rate artists, Afro knows exactly what he is about. "Can the rigorously formal organism of a painting," he asks, "contain the lightness, the living breath of an evocation, the leap or shudder of memory? This, for me, is the problem."

AT THE WHITNEY

The neighboring Whitney Museum put on a sisterly show of 35 U.S. painters and sculptors who have emerged since World War II. There, as at the Modern, abstractionists predominated. But the Whitney did include a few comparatively realistic painters, whose work showed to disadvantage. Come upon in a fog of big, cloudy abstractions, the realists' efforts looked rather like stumps, stiff and dead.

The Whitney's show underlined a curious gloom in U.S. sculptors today. Mostly they weld metal figures of a tormented yet unsympathetic sort. Forbiddingly invested with knobs, prickles and outright spikes, the figures imprison a bit of free air and defy anyone to invade it. David Hare's sculptures were a happy exception

SALUTE TO AN OLD SPRING

BUFFALO'S Albright Gallery last week celebrated its 50th anniversary with an appropriate flourish: a loan show surveying the world of art at the time the museum was born. On exhibition were 50 pictures, all painted in the fertile years between 1905 and 1913 (see color pages), the seedtime of 20th century painting.

In the year the Albright was founded, the seeds of modern art had just begun sprouting. In Paris the *Fauves* (wild beasts) got their first look-in at the official salons, and filled normally gentle art lovers with ire. Such youthful fathers of modern art as Matisse, Dufy, Vlaminck and Derain seemed color-mad to their elders. Pierre Bonnard, meanwhile, was quietly building a highly personal art on the sun-bleached bones of impressionism. Rouault had begun to heat up the subjective oven from which his solemn, molten pictures have since flowed, and Picasso was moving through his "blue period" at full speed. Long before the start of World War I he would push on through an evanes-

cent "pink period" to a neoclassical style, then suddenly stuff everything in a cubist image-grinder.

Vienna's Oskar Kokoschka was beginning a great career of painting as fast and loose as his heart dictated. Wassily Kandinsky, a Russian working in Munich, snapped the cord of recognizability that had bound picturemaking to nature. Italy's Giorgio de Chirico laid the foundations of surrealism in a vast, interior desert. And in the U.S., George Luks and his fire-eating friends Sloan and Henri (TIME, May 16) were lustily affirming the dignity of ashcans, whores, elevated trains, bums and slum kids as painters' subjects.

Little did the Albright Gallery's founders guess what a Niagara of new art lay ahead. They built a dignified retreat for Victorian notions of the pure and the beautiful, saw it change inevitably into a showplace for free and passionate natures. Today's artists, in Buffalo as elsewhere, look to the invigorating world of the 20th century's pioneer painters as a source from which their own contributions stem.

TWENTIETH CENTURY PIONEERS 1905 to 1913

COMPOSITION

by Wassily Kandinsky

The first painter of note to suppress subject matter altogether. Kandinsky compared his art to music, fathered contemporary abstractionism.



TUGBOAT ON THE SEINE

by Pierre Bonnard

The dazzling art of the impressionists got a new lease on life from Bonnard, who melted its all-over brilliance into solid chunks of color.



THE TOILET

by Pablo Picasso

With classically inspired pictures like this one, painted in 1926, Picasso brought back a sculptural sense which the impressionists had banished.



MR. X

by Georges Rouault

This ugly gentleman "has existed eternally," says Rouault, who conceived him in 1911. "He is reborn when you think he is dead."



THE DUCHESS OF ROHAN-MONTESQUIEU

by Oskar Kokoschka

Expressionism, or nature seen through a thick lens of temperament, was Kokoschka's new path.





THE SPIELERS

by George Luks

A lusty member of Manhattan's "Ash Can School," Luks liked to crow, "Art my

slops! Girls! Guts! Life! Life!" These lively street urchins express just what Luks meant.



THE ANGUISH OF DEPARTURE

by Giorgio de Chirico

Surrealism, picturing dream worlds in fairly realistic fashion, has its roots in De Chirico's desolate, tower-guarded landscapes where it is always five o'clock in the afternoon.

to the grim parade. Long dour as the rest, Hare has now invented a new and carefree impressionism. His *Sunrise* creates an effect of light and loftiness out of a rock, some steel bars and cut bronze sheets tinted with gold. Another exception was Richard Lippold, who makes exquisite geometric constructions of thin wire.

The abstract painters at the Whitney showed even more brass than the sculptors. They generally displayed huge canvases, as the fashion is, but made some concession to hanging problems by favoring very tall pictures instead of very wide ones. Most followed the lead of Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning, the proponents of abstract expressionism, in energetically weaving fat tangles of paint over their yards and yards of canvas. Yet taken for what it was—decoration—the effect was often charming. Such expert practitioners as Theodoros Stamos, James Brooks and the late Bradley Walker Tomlin manage to enfold the observer in a dreamlike flux of colors that goes on and on, like a boat ride around a small pond.

AT THE BROOKLYN

One fact buoys up the average gallery-and-museume-goer faced with the massive annual outpouring of U.S. art: much of it is safely dammed up in familiar bayous. Such preserves are the 296-artist show of the American Watercolor Society's recent annual and the 200-work Manhattan show of the National Association of Women Artists. Both are, in the main, muffled echoes of yesteryear. By contrast, Brooklyn Museum's aggressively progressive International Water Color Exhibition, showing the works of 110 U.S. artists plus a selection of French and Japanese watercolorists, is clear evidence that the abstractionist tide is still in full flood, with no ebb in sight.

The museum's walls were covered with moody, swirling blobs of color, as otherworldly as their titles (*Strata No. 1, Tones*

of Silence, Pod '55

). Only here and there does an oldtimer hold out. Ben Shahn in *Second Super Market* makes a tasteful composition out of wire grocery carts; the '30s echo in Philip Evergood's *Quick Lunch*, a ham-handed working man sipping a soft drink; Morris Graves's *Bird* is deftly caught on thin rice paper with a Chinese economy of line. But they are small islands of representation in a swirl of abstraction. Emphasizing the trend is Brooklyn Museum's only U.S. purchase, *Two Points of Interest* by Brooklyn artist Edmond Casarella, 34, is a scrawled composition of broken space which slowly unjangles to reveal forms suggesting an apartment house, shades half drawn, laundry on the line, and a peek into a bedroom with a closed door.

The surprise of the show was the work of 26 modern Japanese watercolorists. One glance showed that the long East-to-West flow of Japanese art (which has influenced Western artists from Toulouse-Lautrec to Frank Lloyd Wright) has now become two-way traffic. But Japanese artists clearly start with one big advantage: a sureness and authority in their brush strokes that few Westerners can match. An artist like Masanari Murai, in his *Portrait in Round Face*, can draw in one bold stroke a figure that combines the grace of Japanese calligraphy with the solidity of welded iron.

AT THE STABLE

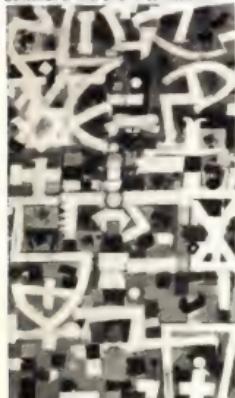
Easily the most belligerent, bombastic show in Manhattan is the annual avant-garde event known as the Stable Show. A compound of confusion and bedlam mainly calling itself abstract expressionism, with a thin right wing of romantic realists, the group show started four years ago in a vacant Greenwich Village store. Moved uptown three years ago to the Stable Gallery, formerly a shelter for riding horses just off Central Park, the show remains a family affair. Artists are invited by name,

may submit anything. The public puzzles out what it can from the family quarrels, jokes and plagiarism.

In its uninhibited manner, this year's Stable Show of 185 painters and sculptors lived up to its reputation as a grab bag of new trends and names. Rank newcomers appeared side by side with such old standbys as Painters Willem de Kooning, John Ferren, Franz Kline, Adolph Gottlieb and William Bazile and Sculptor Ibram Lassaw. As usual, the show was packed with surprises. Greeting the visitors at the door was an all black oil. Upstairs, in the former hayloft, hung a Jukesian version of a Renoir nude, next to a pink-skied *Main Street* by Fairfield Porter that might have been dashed off circa 1912. Hit of the show was a sort of automated secretary by Sculpture-Welder Richard Stankiewicz. Its ingredients: a rusty, antique typewriter embedded in a powder-blue boiler with several bent-rod legs and arms. Most original effort: the work of self-taught Corrado Marca-Relli, 41, whose paintings are composed of white upon white strips of canvas, pasted together to a depth of six to ten layers.

Taken all together, last week's roundup shows enforced an unhappy conclusion: art is in the doldrums and has been for the past decade. An age in which such minor talents as Italy's burlap-sewing Burri, Britain's macabre Bacon and America's happy-go-lucky Hare assume major importance can hardly be called great. But Picasso's giant contribution continues, and a handful of artists young enough to be his sons give hope of better years ahead. For all its determined excesses, the younger generation does not seem likely to achieve breakthroughs on a variety of fronts, as did the moderns of the early 1900s (see color pages). More probable is a slow retreat from the extremes of the postwar decade to a subtler abstractism enriched by the contemplation of nature.

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RELIGION

Husband Worship

Sri Seshaji Maharaj, a Brahman priest from northwest India, has worked out a new way to be happy in marriage. His formula: husband worship. Last week, only three days after India's Parliament granted Hindu women the right of divorce (TIME, May 16), Sri Seshaji had enough success with his idea to give Western marriage counselors a lot to think about.

In Lucknow, capital of the state of Uttar Pradesh, 1,000 husbands and wives gathered in a tent colony on the banks of the sacred Gomati. Fifty-one saffron-robed priests lit a sacrificial fire in their midst, blew conch shells and chanted mantras before a large statue of Gauri, wife of the Lord Shiva, god of creation and destruction. Then, in solemn silence, the husbands and wives bathed in the river and sat down in pairs, face to face. Basing their action on Lord Krishna's scriptures, the wives washed their husbands' feet and drank a few drops of the washing water. They made floral offerings to their husbands and walked respectfully round them. They laid their heads on their husbands' feet and prayed: "You are Brahma [Creator]. You are Vishnu [Preserver]. You are Maheswara [Destroyer]. You are my god. If I have committed any sin, my beloved husband and lord, forgive me, forgive me." In token of forgiveness, the husbands offered flowers to their wives.

After the ceremony, the couples were enthusiastic. Said one official: "I now feel reconciled toward my family." Said a young husband: "I feel a changed man."

Pleased Brahman Seshaji, whose own wife was not seen during the ceremony, contemplated the requests for similar ceremonies that were coming in. The children born of such spiritually reconstituted marriages, he said, "might restore happiness and peace to this unhappy and troubled world. Hindu society can be reformed in time if the meaning of husband worship is properly understood . . . I am confident of converting at least 100 couples in each town."

Saints for Protestants?

A bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church last week proposed to canonize two saints.

The Rt. Rev. Edward Randolph Welles, Bishop of West Missouri, pointed out to the 66th annual convention of his diocese in Carthage that for Christianity's first thousand years or so, the making of a saint was a purely local matter, left in the hands of the bishop. In the Roman Catholic Church, bishops lost this right in 1634, a century after the Reformation.* It would be wise and welcome, thought Bishop Welles, to revive this practice.

* When Pope Urban VII published a bull reserving to the Holy See exclusively the right of canonization and beatification.

and he suggested a commission to study the "heroic sanctity" of two Missouri candidates for canonization:

¶ Jackson Kemper (1780-1850) son of a customs receiver for New York City. He lived in Philadelphia with his first wife, and in Norwalk, Conn. with his second, but he loved the Western frontier. He became the first missionary bishop of the Episcopal Church, with jurisdiction over Missouri and Indiana. For 25 years Bishop Kemper, with his Greek New Testament, was a familiar figure preaching in Wabash River barrooms and swapping anecdotes with trappers along the Missouri. By the time he died, he had established seven dioceses, founded Kemper College, Nashotah House, Racine College. ¶ Daniel Sylvester Tuttle (1837-1923), the son of a Methodist blacksmith in Windham, N.Y., who was graduated from Columbia College and General Theological Seminary, became missionary bishop of Montana (with jurisdiction in Utah and Idaho). For a time he ministered to his flock from Helena, Mont., otherwise known as Last Chance Gulch. In 1886 big "Bishop Dan," bearded and bald-headed, became Bishop of Missouri. Though deaf as a doorstop from middle age, he presided ably over meetings with the aid of an "informer." When he died at 86, he had been a bishop for 56 years, had helped consecrate 89 other bishops.

Whether or not Bishops Kemper and Tuttle are worthy of sainthood, many a conscientious Episcopalian doubts the practicality of Bishop Welles's suggestion. Since the Reformation, the Anglican Communion has largely contented itself with the ancient saints of the church calendar. The most famous exception was King Charles I, charged with treason and beheaded by a provisional government



BISHOP WELLES
Sanctity in the barroom.



KIRKUS CH. SEAR
BISHOP WELLES
Revival in Missouri.

under Cromwell in 1649. After the Restoration the Church of England acclaimed him as a martyr for his unwillingness to renounce the Anglican faith, officially put his feast into the calendar of saints.⁹ Nearest thing to a U.S. Episcopal saint is probably Samuel Seabury, first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America, the anniversary of whose consecration in November is widely observed.

Last week the West Missouri diocese voted Bishop Welles his proposed commission, though there were some tilted eyebrows at the papish smell of the scheme. In Washington, D.C., Bishop Angus Dun of the National Cathedral was cool and cautious: "I would say that in the main prayerbook tradition, the word 'saint' is not attached to particularly selected individuals, but, as in the New Testament, to the community of those set apart by the calling of God."

Jesus & His Brethren

And they say to him, behold thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee. And answering them, he said, Who is my mother and my brethren?

—Mark 3:22-23

Christ's famed question has long been a poser to Biblical scholars. Roman Catholic teaching holds that Mary was perpetually a virgin, and there is an additional Roman Catholic tradition that Joseph was perpetually chaste. If so, who were Jesus' brothers named (together with unspecified "sisters") as James, Joseph, Jude and Simon?

The Arguments. The Catholic answer is based on the fact that the word brother in general Semitic usage applies equally

to stepbrothers, and is often extended to include other relatives. So, said the early Greek fathers, Christ's "brethren" were really Joseph's children by a former marriage. Latin fathers maintained that they were the Lord's cousins. The arguments: 1) Mary appears throughout the New Testament only as the mother of Jesus and no one else; 2) Mary's annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem (*Luke 2:41*) would have been an unlikely custom for a woman involved in the bearing and rearing of a large family; 3) Jesus on the cross commanded Mary to the care of John (*John 19:26-27*), which He would hardly have done if she had had real sons to look after her; 4) there is strong textual support for the view that the James and Joseph mentioned as Christ's brethren are the same James and Joseph elsewhere mentioned as the sons of Alpheus and Mary (sister of the Virgin Mary).

Most Protestants, uncommitted to Mary's perpetual virginity, see no reason not to accept Jesus' brothers as real brothers. They point to the Douay version's "And he [Joseph] knew her not till she brought forth her first-born son" (*Matthew 1:25*), and "And she brought forth her first-born son" (*Luke 2:7*). To that Catholics reply that Scriptural use of the word "first-born" connotes a woman's first child but does not necessarily indicate later children.

Village Schoolmaster. These fine points danced through the British press last week in the kind of theological Donnybrook that used to delight Christian polemicists. It began with a BBC Easter telecast of *Family Portrait*, a play by Lenore Coffee and William Joyce Cowen that ran for 14 weeks on Broadway in 1939 and for four weeks in London in 1948. Theme of the play: the hostility and lack of comprehension by Jesus' brothers to His mission. Britain's Bernard Cardinal Griffin lost no time in protesting that the play's assumption that Jesus had blood brothers "is contrary to sound scholarship and the belief of all Christian bodies." "Blasphemy," stormed the Catholic paper *Univers*. "Cast aside was the age-old belief of the Christian world in Our Lady's virginity."

BBC Director General Sir Ian Jacob publicly apologized for the "grave error" committed in putting on the play. But the apology produced more of an outcry than the performance itself. Said Editor Clifford O. Rhodes of the *Church of England Newspaper* and the *Record*: "Catholic dogma regarding Christ's brothers and sisters is theological subterfuge. It is a wild and foolish assumption that the Catholics represent Christianity in England." Editor Kingsley Martin of the *New Statesman and Nation* was "shocked" that "Sir Ian Jacob apologized for all the world as if he were a village schoolmaster in Galway." John Kiely, secretary of the General Assembly of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches, huffed: "The BBC has now acknowledged the right of the Roman Catholic Church to dictate to the corporation what it shall or shall not produce . . ."

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SPORT

The Gentleman

The great thing about Walter Alston is that he endures. The Bronx cheers of second-guessing fans bounce off his hide, and needing from his limber-lipped predecessor Charlie Dressen does not faze him at all. His patience is paying off: he has built a team of winners out of last year's so-so Brooklyn Dodgers.

Last week Manager Alston took his Dodgers to Chicago. They were riding high. For the second time this season they had gone ten games without a defeat. They were nine games in front of the National League; they had won 21, lost

could still get into a pickle occasionally. Smokey's heavy-hitting outfielder, Carl Furillo, had just explained how his golfing technique helped him baseball: "I've done two things: I've changed my grip, and now I hold my neck rigid so I keep my eye on the ball." In Chicago Carl had to take a day off: stiff neck. Then the Dodgers lost to the Cubs 10-8. That robbed the Giants of their only current distinction: until that game, only the Giants had beaten the Dodgers this season.

Even in stolid Milwaukee Smokey Alston found himself managing a team full of unexpected trouble. Jackie Robinson, his uninhibited veteran third baseman who



Associated Press

THE DODGERS' CAMPANELLA, NEWCOMBE, ALSTON & SNIDER
It isn't how he holds his fork.

only two, and their average stood at .913. By way of reception, "Smokey" Alston got an ossified pickle, a trophy presented by the president of the National Pickle Packers Association, "for getting out of the biggest pickle of the year."

"I hope this brings me luck," mumbled Alston politely, "but I didn't know I was in a pickle to start with."

Legal Headache. When the Dodgers took the field, Pitcher Don Newcombe, just a little bigger than life (6 ft. 4 in., 225 lbs.), shambled to the mound. The week before, Don had decided that he was just too good to pitch batting practice. Smokey, who had handled Newcombe before, in Nashua, N.H., in Class "B" ball, had quietly told him to clean out his locker and go away. Now, threatened with a fine and properly penitent, Big Don whizzed through a one-hit game. He blew down the absolute minimum of 27 batters as the Dodgers won 3-0.

But the Dodgers proved that they

had barely stopped popping off about how seldom he was playing, came forth with a new idea: he thought he ought to sit out a few games. Milwaukee, however, was no place for Robinson to rest. His visit had already been disturbed by a process server. Last season, in a fit of pique, he had slung a bat into the Milwaukee stands. A couple of local customers, who said they had been hit, were suing for \$40,000.

Rejuvenated Del. It was the Braves, not the law, that caused the biggest trouble in Milwaukee. After twelve innings of tied-up (1-1) ball, Braves Captain Del Crandall, hillless for almost two weeks, brushed the bench splinters out of the seat of his pants, stepped to the plate and walloped a game-winning home run. Next afternoon, in his very next turn at bat, rejuvenated Del Crandall lofted another one into the stands. But it was too much to expect the Dodgers to run up a losing streak of more than two. They ran off with the game 6-2.

Back in the locker room, the Dodgers had an easy explanation for their success: Walter Alston. At first, Captain Peewee Reese saw it all in terms of baseball tactics: "A manager's biggest problem is selecting pitchers, knowing them, knowing when to bring in another. Alston's brought in the right pitchers at the right time." Just as important is Alston's other talent, the patience and ability to get the most out of all his men. All season, by winning for such a nice guy as Smokey, the Dodgers had been refuting Giant Manager Leo Durocher, a man devoted to the argument that the big leagues are no place for nice guys. Said Peewee: "Alston is easy to get along with. I don't know whether he knows how to hold his fork, but believe me, he's a real gentleman."

Scoreboard

¶ Nothing if not stubborn, Ted Williams, hard-hitting holdout from the Boston Red Sox, refused to return to baseball until his divorce was final; a big salary might complicate the court's decision on settlement. The layoff seemed hardly worthwhile. A Miami court ordered him to hand over \$50,000, a \$42,000 house, \$6,000 for court costs, a 1954 Cadillac and some other financial odds and ends. Ted wasted not a moment getting back on the Boston payroll.

¶ His long legs limberer than ever after two years in the Army, Northwestern's sophomore speed merchant, galloping Jim Holliday, outran a light breeze and the best sprinters in the Big Ten to tie the world's 100-yd.-dash record (10.09.3) in the Big Ten Relays at Evanston, Ill.

¶ Performing for a skimpy crowd of 2,018 ball fans, Big Sam Jones, toothpick-chomping speedball pitcher for the Chicago Cubs, turned in the first National League no-hit game that Chicago has seen in 40 years. Walking seven and striking out six (three in the ninth inning), Sam cut down the Pittsburgh Pirates, 4-0.

¶ Bouncing higher and higher ever since he set a world's high-jump record (6 ft. 11½ in.) in June 1953, Texas A & M Alumnus Walt Davis, now an employee in the Jefferson County sheriff's department, took time out twice in one week to put on jumping exhibitions in Beaumont and Houston, sailed over a 7-ft. bar each time.

¶ Lugging the top weight in the race (1,30 lbs.), King Ranch's brown colt High Gun, competing for the first time this year, worried his backers by swinging wide on the stretch turn, then strengthened out to run away from an impressive field and won the Metropolitan Handicap by 4½ lengths at Belmont Park.

¶ The same smooth-stroking University of Pennsylvania crew that put an end to Navy's three-year winning streak (TIME, May 16) proved that its Adams Cup victory was no fluke. On the sluggish tide-water of the Potomac, at Washington, the Quakers took the Eastern heavyweight sprint championship by finishing the 2,000-meter race 1½ lengths ahead of Cornell. In last place, behind Penn, Cornell, Columbia, Yale and Princeton: the U.S. Naval Academy.

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EDUCATION

Report Card

¶ As a result of the school-board elections in Milford, Del., last week, the area's most notorious citizen, White Supremacist Bryan Bowles of the N.A.A.W.P., learned just how effective all his demagoguery had been. One four-man slate, opposed by Bowles, had firmly announced that it would stand by whatever decision the U.S. Supreme Court makes on desegregating the schools. The other slate had flatly declared itself in favor of "continued segregation," willy-nilly. The winner: the second slate which got 7,647 votes to their opponents' 5,012.

¶ Alarmed by a report by Deputy Mayor Henry Epstein that "in June 1954, 20,000 New York City children, from the fourth to the sixth grades alone, showed a reading retardation of two years or more," the city school board announced that the old policy of automatic promotions is out. Beginning next fall, any second-grader who is still not prepared to read by the end of the year will stay in the second grade. If at the end of his third year he has fallen two years behind, he will either 1) get special help in his regular grade, or 2) be transferred to an "opportunity class" for intensive remedial work.

¶ For implacable critics and perpetual reformers of U.S. education, President Henry Wriston of Brown University had a few words of advice in the *Educational Register*: "One of the most extraordinary burdens under which American education labors is psychological—namely, the assumption that reform is impossible unless failure is admitted. Thus one who speaks of the great achievements of the past is immediately labeled as one who does not want change. Only those who are ready to assert that all the labor and energy, all the sacrifice and skill, all the character and brains that have been poured into the educational enterprise have resulted in failure are really progressive and ready for new developments. In point of fact the precise reverse is true. Reform proceeds best by capitalizing upon the momentum of success for further progress."

The Playground

For the 875 students of the war-ravaged high school on Hamburg's grey Thedestrasse, the prospect of ever getting a proper place to play seemed just about hopeless. Then, one day in 1950, Teacher Walter Pareik spotted an ad in a local paper: a certain farmer was offering to pay 2.20 Deutsche Marks (.52¢) for 110 lbs. of potato peels for hog feed. If one farmer was willing to spend that kind of money, reasoned Teacher Pareik, why not others? Perhaps the Thedestrasse high school should go into business.

Since then, every student at the school has been involved in *Aktion Kartofelschule* (Operation Potato Peel). Each night they collected peels from their homes and from restaurants; each morning they lugged them to school to be

weighed. For every 5.5 lbs., a student would get one point, and one student earned as many as 250 points in the course of six months. Finally, the students had enough in the kitty (11,000 DM) to make a down payment on a new playground. But it was the sort of playground that even the most optimistic of them never dreamed of having. Last week Teacher Pareik led his first batch of charges to the



Conti-Press
THEDESTRASSE PUPILS & CASTLE
Plenty of potatoes.

rolling countryside outside of town to look the place over. Sure enough, there it was: a genuine German Schloss, complete with park and pond, now owned by the proud potato-peel tycoons of Thedestrasse.

Invitation Only

Since he first started reading Shakespeare on TV, Professor Frank Baxter of the University of Southern California (TIME, April 11) has won the dubious title of "The Liberate of the Library." But Liberace, according to Baxter, is no substitute for the old-fashioned liberal arts. In *This Week* magazine, Baxter bluntly warns the nation: turn off that TV set and "wake up and read."

"Your television set is not a vending machine for higher learning. It can, at best, be an invitation to knowledge. That in itself is very much . . . But the coaxial cable alone will not pump culture into anyone's veins—child or adult. Despite what any educational theorist may say, one can't possibly grow up to be educated without wide reading . . .

"The alarming thing today is not the use but the abuse of television. Parents rely on it as a sort of opiate to keep

HOW OILMEN HELPED TO CREATE...

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By THEODORE V. Houser

Chairman of the Board,
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supply nor quality nor price of product has ever been a barrier to ownership of an automobile.

The record of both the retail industry and the oil industry is a record of parallel growth and development, each with its emphasis on lower distribution costs, greater customer convenience and improved quality. These developments have been not only parallel, but interdependent.

It seems to me that this record of growth in both industries is an

excellent example of how alert businesses interact and respond to the needs of a competitive economy. This drive for growth and improvement is inherent in America's competitive system. The recognition of the value of competition on the part of American consumers and the wise use of the opportunity for competition on the part of American business have created a pressure for progress that has resulted in the unique richness of the American standard of living. As a symbol of our economic system, and as a contributor to our standard of living, the petroleum industry is an outstanding example.



As Chairman of the Board of Sears, Roebuck and Co., Theodore V. Houser heads the world's largest distributor of general merchandise. Once characterized as "the greatest master of mass merchandising in the U.S.," Mr. Houser is an expert on America's changing shopping habits and on the part oilmen play to make these changes possible.

*This is one of a series of reports by outstanding Americans who were invited to examine the job being done by the U. S. oil industry.
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their children quiet and out of circulation. Unfortunately, television encourages passivity rather than activity. It is easy. It is habit-forming. It fosters the dangerous idea that we can learn by letting knowledge drip on us like rain from heaven. The deeper and more abiding rewards of literature, on the other hand, are harder to come by. Reading is work. Even in its lightest form it demands some discipline and investment of self. But it is this self-investment which, over the long haul, pays off in dividends."

Having said all that, the obliging Professor Baxter suggests what the kids might read while the big screen is dark. Among his suggestions for seven-to-twelve-year-olds: *A Child's Garden of Verses*, Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, *Just So Stories*, *Ivanhoe*, the Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare*, *Tom Sawyer*, and *Treasure Island*. For the 13-year-olds and up: *Lady of the Lake*, *The Call of the Wild*, *David Copperfield*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Lays of Ancient Rome*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Idylls of the King*, *Westward Ho!*, *Lorna Doone*, *Kidnapped* and *Two Years Before the Mast*.

Allons, Enfants . . .

With monotonous regularity, the French Ministry of Education has boldly announced that something must be done. And with monotonous regularity its sweeping suggestions for reforming the nation's creaking educational system have bogged down somewhere in the National Assembly. Last week Minister Jean Berthoin decided to try again. To some Frenchmen, he seemed to be after nothing less than another French Revolution.

In view of the condition of the schools, a revolution may well be in order. In 1952, France found it would need at least 29,000 new classrooms, but only about 5,000 have so far been built. While migrations from the rural areas leave half-empty schools in the south, those of the north are jammed to overflowing. In Limoges, some lycée students sit three to a table; others have to use their knees as desks. In Rouen, classes meet on stairways, and in Le Mans, students must share a building with the local *Garde Républicaine*.

Progress & Poverty. Meanwhile, partly because of its paltry teacher salary scale (\$85 to \$420 a month), the nation faces an eventual shortage of at least 20,000 teachers. The Rennes school system spent months trying to find 35 qualified instructors in mathematics and natural history. A typical secondary school in Cherbourg spent two years looking for a physics teacher, and in 1954 Paris was short 16 science teachers. But of all of France's educational headaches, poverty is, in a sense, the least. The major problem that the ministry was facing last week: the very nature of the school system itself.

Not since the days of Napoleon has France changed its fundamental educational goals. The secondary schools are still so rigidly academic that only about



MINISTER BERTHOIN
A revolution was in order.

one in every four children gets into them. Those who do must face the dreaded *baccaulaureat* (*bachot*) exam to graduate. Many must memorize stacks of Greek and Latin verbs, know how to translate Seneca and Tacitus, analyze (in English) the works of De Quincey, Ruskin and George Eliot, be familiar with everything from the *Pensées* of Pascal to the characters of Corneille.

Looking Backward. Last week Minister Berthoin not only proposed that the secondary schools completely revamp their programs to take care of all French school children up to the age of 16, he also suggested that all current examinations, including the *bachot*, be abolished. With that, the Paris press erupted. Former Education Minister André Marie declared that despite its "injustices," the *bachot* should stay. Onetime Boxing Champion Georges Carpentier bluntly announced: "I am against the *baccaulaureat*." Actor Jean-Louis Barrault said, "I adore it," but Actor Sacha Guitry, who spent six terms in one form, snorted: "Tell me, what good would the *bachot* have done Rodin?"

As the argument raged, it sometimes seemed as if the land of liberty, equality and fraternity were wrestling with its soul. Wrote Sorbonne Professor Henry Marrou in *Le Monde*: "Our teaching system is a heritage that has come down to us from a distant and ended epoch—not from that of the capitalistic bourgeoisie as so many naive people and pseudo-Marxists repeat, but . . . from the aristocratic society of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries . . . I need not emphasize my own attachment to the classic humanities . . . But one must realize that this kind of teaching, which is excellent . . . for a family of kindred souls capable of assimilating it, cannot transform itself into something it has never been nor sought to be—a system of mass education."



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

Two NBC shows stood out from all the rest on TV last week. One was a satirical fantasy, the other a reportorial narrative. The first realistically manipulated fictional characters for laughs. The second dramatically manipulated real people for tears. Each, in its own way, made first-rate entertainment.

Goodyear Television Playhouse presented the satire: young (20) Novelist Gore Vidal's *Visit to a Small Planet*. The small planet is the earth. The visit is made on an impulse by a cultivated space traveler named Kreton. He taxies his flying saucer from a distant galaxy some-

ing "to the Dark Ages of this insignificant planet?" But his visit proved an illuminating spoof, and British Actor Cyril Ritchard proved a fine spoofier.

This Is Your Life provided the reportorial narrative. The show, blatantly corny and specializing in unabashed sentimentality, reaches far to pluck at the heart strings, and frequently succeeds. Its formula is close to foolproof. It selects some outstanding person, then gathers friends and relatives to fill in his life story and pay tribute. Never a bore, the show often verges on questionable taste, just as often raises a skillfully engineered lump in the viewer's throat.

Last week it reviewed the life of Kiyoshi Tanimoto, the Japanese Methodist minister who is the guardian of the 25 Hiroshima girls now in the U.S. to get plastic surgery for their A-bomb scars. Tanimoto's early years—his conversion to Christianity, his studies in the U.S. for the ministry, his onetime congregation in California—led to a climax. He was at Hiroshima when the bomb dropped. Somehow, inscrutable, he told what happened at that catastrophic moment and how afterwards, not wounded himself, he helped survivors. Then a young man was brought on stage whom Tanimoto had never before seen. He was introduced as Captain Robert Lewis, U.S.A.F., the copilot of the B-29, *Enola Gay*, that dropped the bomb. After a slight hesitation, the two men shook hands. Then Lewis, now personnel manager of Henry Heide, Inc. (candymakers) in Manhattan, his voice unsteady with emotion, told how he had flown over Hiroshima the morning of Aug. 6, 1945, and how the bombardier had dropped the bomb that killed nearly 100,000 people, wounded another 100,000. "As the bomb fell over Hiroshima," said Lewis, "and exploded, we saw an entire city disappear. I wrote in my log the words: 'My God, what have we done?'"

It was easily the most dramatic and affecting moment of the TV week, and much too powerful for even the most imaginative scriptwriter to compete with.

Perennial Rascals

The kids look just about the same as they did a quarter of a century ago. Spanky MacFarland is built close to the ground, but always rises to an occasion. Alfalfa is wistful, but his cowlick won't stay put. Doe-eyed Farina has his black hair up in curlers, but is headed for trouble. Golden-haired Baby Jean is fickle: she generally falls for the kid with the shiny fire engine. All of them get in and out of the same old scrapes, baffle grown-ups and outsiders, and always have ready answers to teacher's questions ("What is an escalator?" "Something that hangs around swamps").

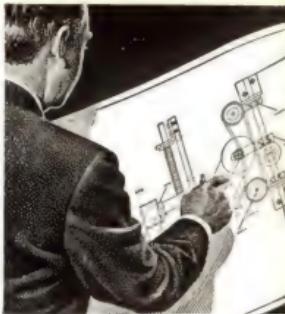
The humor is low, the spirits high, and the kids still love it. *Our Gang*, the old Hal Roach series of one- and two-reel comedies, is back again, playing on TV in 61 U.S. cities. The success of the old films



TANIMOTO & LEWIS
They were there.

where in outer space right onto the rosebed of an American family.

Kreton is moderately surprised to find himself in the second half of the 20th century. He wears long sideburns and Victorian clothes and had hoped to land in 1860 so that, among other things, he might help the South win the Civil War. Asked if he is the first person from his planet to travel in space, he replies: "Everyone travels who wants to. It's just that no one wants to visit you." But earthlings are Kreton's hobby, and he is happy to be with such delightful savages for whom "civilization is only just beginning." When the Army arrives and an interrogating general grimly wonders if this visit is a prelude to invasion, the amiable Kreton notes "the wonderful, primitive assumption that all strangers are hostile." By this time it is clear that Kreton's people would not have the earth if it were handed to them on a platinum flying saucer. Some earthmen noted early in the visit that Kreton was a mere eccentric. Otherwise, what was he doing return-



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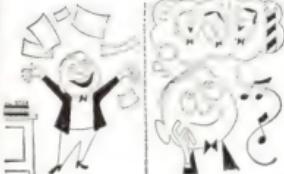


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has been an eye opener to TVmen. In Manhattan, shown six times weekly in half-hour shows over WPIX, they have become the most popular afternoon feature for kids in the New York City area (almost a million and a half viewers). In St. Louis the film rascals outrate all three competing programs combined. In Detroit they have an ARB rating of 35.8 against the 2.2 of their closest rivals. In Cleveland they do better than *Superman*, and in Hollywood, on one occasion, not even a spectacular could come close to them.

At least part of the reason for *Our Gang's* success lies in the nostalgia of an older generation. Surveys show that almost as many adults as children follow the little rascals in New York. But the reason why they fascinate a new generation of small fry is to be found in the quality of the rascals themselves and the brand of mischievous nonsense they generate. They are good kids without being goody-goody; they have a genius for getting into jams, but are ingenious at getting out. They may build a gang-size hook and ladder, charge downhill in it and fling sky-high all pedestrians along the way. They may start a war, but nobody really gets hurt. The custard pies fly in a multitude of directions, but at the end the warriors are apt to be licking meringue rather than their wounds.

Outside the filmed comedies, the little rascals have grown up. Some, such as Eddie Bracken and Jackie Cooper, have continued successfully as actors. Others have dropped out of show business (Spanky MacFarland was recently working as a cigarette salesman in Texas). Baby Jean is married and a TV actress by the name of Jean Darling. All of them are 25 years away from the days when teacher would ask, "If a hen laid two eggs here and I laid two eggs here —" and one of the gang would interrupt: "I don't think you can do it."

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, May 18. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Damon Runyon Theater (Sat. 10:30 p.m., CBS). *Tobias the Terrible*, with Wallace Ford.

Max Liebman Presents (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). *Promenade*, a revue, with Tyrone Power as host, starring Judy Holliday, Herb Shriner, Janet Blair, Kay Starr.

Television Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *The Catered Affair* by Paddy Chayefsky, starring Thelma Ritter.

Bob Hope Show (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC).

RADIO

Friday With Garroway (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Guests: Ethel Barrymore, Gwen Verdon.

All-Star Parade of Bands (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Featuring Louis Armstrong and his Jazz All-Stars.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sun. 12:30 p.m., CBS). Eugene Ormandy conducts music by Berlioz and Couperin.

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MILESTONES

Married. Joan Crawford (real name: Lucille LeSeur), 47, durable (29 years) cinemactress (*Mildred Pierce, Johnny Guitar*); and Alfred N. (for Nu) Steele, 54, president of the Pepsi-Cola Company; she for the fourth time (her first and second: Cinemactors Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Franchot Tone), he for the third; in Las Vegas.

Divorced. Theodore Samuel (Ted) Williams, 36, Boston Red Sox slugger; by Doris Soule Williams, 34; after eleven years of marriage, one daughter; in Miami (see SPORT).

Died. Thomas William Warner Jr., 39, much-wed (four times) playboy heir (at age 16) to Borg-Warner and General Motors automotive fortunes; by accident (a 12-ft. fall on the grounds of his mother's mansion after a night of boozing); in Pasadena, Calif.

Died. George Herrick, 61, onetime big operator of New York City gambling houses who later fell on hard times, went to work selling hosiery; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Tommy Burns (real name: Noah Brusso), 73, onetime (1906-08) heavyweight boxing champion of the world; of a heart attack; in Vancouver, B.C. The only Canadian and the shortest boxer (5 ft. 7 in., 170 lbs.) ever to wear the heavyweight crown. Ontario-born Tommy was soundly beaten by Jack Johnson, fought only sporadically thereafter, became an ordained minister, once advised newlyweds: "The first few rounds are easy in prize fighting and in matrimony. It's staying power that counts."

Died. Ootah, eightyish, last of the four Eskimos who accompanied Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary and Matthew Henson on their history-making trek to the North Pole in 1909; of old age; near Thule, Greenland. A sturdy, 34-year-old hunter when he served with Peary, Ootah (also known as Odaq) was called "Peary's Iron Man," remarked of the journey back from the Pole: "The Devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we should never have come back so easily."

Died. General Charles Pelot Summerall, 88, onetime (1926-31) Army Chief of Staff, and president (1931-53) of The Citadel, a military college of South Carolina; in Washington's Walter Reed Hospital. West Pointer Summerall, commissioned in 1862, commanded an artillery platoon in the storming of Peking in 1900 during the Boxer Rebellion. Armed with his famed credo, "Artillery exists only to protect and support the infantry," he commanded the 1st Division and later the V Army Corps in France in World War I was credited with achieving artillery effects without precedent in U.S. military history.



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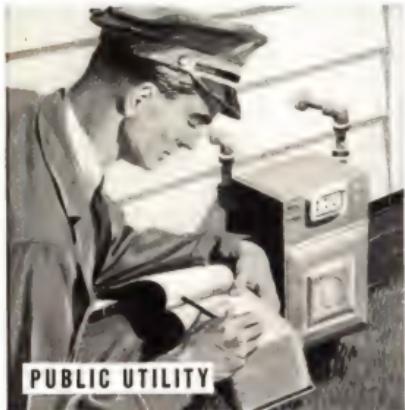
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THE ABC'S

of Free Competition versus Regulation and Controls in the nation's sixth largest industry... and why it concerns the gas consumer.



A. ONE GAS DISTRIBUTOR

Because the local gas company has an exclusive franchise for gas in its area, its rates are regulated.



B. ONE GAS TRANSPORTER

Because the long-distance pipeline which brings gas to your local distributor usually is a sole supplier, its rates are regulated.



C. THOUSANDS OF COMPETING GAS PRODUCERS

There are more than 8,000 producers competing to find gas and sell it.

Competition Serves Consumers Best

In the Production of Natural Gas or any Other Product

Where business has an exclusive franchise there is reason for regulation. Where many compete, competition best serves the public interest.

In the natural gas industry, pipelines and local distributors, because they have exclusive franchises, have long had their rates regulated. Producers' prices were not so regulated because more than 8,000 of them compete vigorously to find gas and to sell it.

Now these producers have been singled out for Federal controls and price-fixing. It is a step without peacetime precedent—to price-fix a commodity at its source.

Controls are unnecessary because freely competing producers have tripled supplies in 16 years, and the average price of gas to residential users has risen only one-eleventh as much as the cost of living.

Controls are dangerous because they could easily be the first step toward Federal price-fixing of coal or oil—or lumber or grain or your business.

Controls are unfair because they single out one competitive industry for such controls.

Controls are shortsighted because they stifle the bold and risky exploring that is needed to assure adequate supplies for the future.

***Protect the Public Interest
Through Free Competition***

N A T U R A L G A S

N A T U R A L G A S A N D O I L R E S O U R C E S C O M M I T T E E

Made up of individuals and companies concerned with natural gas and the broader basic issues of a free economy. This Committee believes that it has a responsibility to place the facts before the American people, that they may form a judgment of their own free will.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Barometer Steady

Industrial commodity prices are one of the surest economic barometers. If they rise during a recession, they usually signal a recovery; if they drop as a result of reduced buying of raw materials, they signal a turndown in industrial activity. In the '20s, the industrial commodity index was going down long before the '29 crash. In the 1937 recession, the commodity index started down three months before other indexes declined.

Last week the Commerce Department's index of wholesale industrial prices (non-farm, nonfood products) showed the amazing stability of current industrial prices. The new figure of 115.7 (1947-49 = 100) was the same as a month before and only 1.2 points above the year-ago level.

The stability of metals, one element of the index, is due partly to the way the Government has been handling its stockpiling programs. Some metals have been bought to support prices or released to ease them. For example, to help fill the current copper shortage, the U.S. Office of Defense Mobilization announced that in the third quarter of this year American industry will get 16,000 tons of copper that had been earmarked for the federal stockpile.

ATOMIC ENERGY

Chart of the Future

What is the commercial future of atomic energy? To find out, the Atomic Industrial Forum, a nonprofit organization of topflight businessmen headed by Detroit Edison Co.'s President Walker L.

Cisler,⁹ started a year ago to chart the future of the atomic industry through 1965. This week A.I.F., with the close collaboration of the AEC, brought out the most comprehensive forecast to date on the future of private atomic energy in the U.S.

Despite the popularity of "atomic" stocks in Wall Street, A.I.F. said, the biggest market for nuclear power plants for at least eight more years will be military, e.g., engines for submarines, other ships and aircraft (by 1959 the U.S. will be turning out at least one nuclear-propelled carrier or cruiser every year). Nevertheless, during that period several atomic power plants will be built. The biggest handicap to commercial atomic power is high cost. Capital investment for large nuclear plants is running about \$500 per kw., (vs. \$125 for conventional plants). The cost of atomic propulsion engines starts at about \$1,250 per kw. To bring costs down and iron out the bugs, utilities must expect to build and experiment (probably at a loss) with scores of plants, with a total capacity of 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 kw., more than enough to serve the 8,000,000 people in New York City.

But around 1962 the age of cheap atomic power will dawn. Utilities will have learned enough to operate plants efficiently, capital costs will be down to about \$180 per kw., and nuclear electricity will become competitive with conventional electricity. After that, private industry will be the biggest atomic customer; supplying reactors, building plants, etc. may be a \$700 million business yearly. By 1964

* Whose company has teamed up with eight others to build one of the first private nuclear power plants.

the atomic industry will need up to 40,000 scientists and engineers, about double the number employed today.

A.I.F. discounted reports that thorium will replace uranium as the leading commercial nuclear fuel. Said its survey: "Thorium requirements are apt to be quite small—only a few tons per year by 1961—increasing to perhaps as much as 300 tons per year by 1965." A.I.F. also knocked down the popular concept that it takes only a handful of uranium to fuel a power plant. By 1965 all the military and civilian reactors in the U.S. will consume about 9,000 tons of uranium yearly (only six lbs. or less can be extracted from a ton of ore), far more than estimated production now or in the near future.

CORPORATIONS

Palace Revolution at Ward's

"I'll be here until I'm six feet under," Sewell Avery once confided to a Montgomery Ward vice president in the dazzling interval of friendship before Board Chairman Avery inevitably fired the veep for "disloyalty." To keep his tight control of the mammoth retail company for 24 years, Avery fired dozens of other executives he suspected of undermining him. Last week the plot that Avery always imagined actually happened. He was forced to resign under pressure of a palace revolution led by a majority of his own board of directors. On hearing the news, Wall Street showed how it felt about Avery. A wave of frenzied buying forced the New York Stock Exchange to suspend trading in Montgomery Ward stock for nearly an hour and sent it up 43 points in a day.

The rebels were five "outside directors" (non-Ward executives) on the nine-man board, all old friends of Avery. They were informally led by lean, leathery Philip Clarke, 65, chairman of Chicago's City National Bank & Trust Co., who had been trying for months to arrange an easy out for Avery. At 81, Avery's once fabulous memory had begun to fade: he "floated," as one friend put it, speaking confusedly but autocratically, brooking no correction.

Clarke's plan, hatched while Louis Wolfson launched his unsuccessful bid to control the company, was to arrange a merger with Allied Stores Corp. It seemed like a natural: Allied had young executives and expansion plans; Ward had the cash. Avery could announce the deal and ascend gracefully into the honorary chairmanship, assured that Ward was safe from Wolfson.

New Mandate? But Avery angrily turned down the deal. When the annual meeting publicly exposed Avery's slipping grip and Corporation Secretary John Barr had to take over the gavel, the five directors knew they could wait no longer. They decided that Avery must be replaced by up-and-coming John Barr. Also



CHAIRMAN BARR & WARD EMPLOYEES
The steamroller replaced the iron hand.

Associated Press

slated for ouster: Edmund Krider, 42, an ex-accountant picked as \$76,000-a-year president by Avery in 1952, who was considered to possess Avery's ruthlessness without either his charm or ability. The directors tackled Avery again, suggested that having won over Wolfson, he retire at his peak. Avery again refused, saying that the meeting proved he had a new mandate to continue.

But the pressure grew too great for Avery. His doctor and his two daughters begged him to resign. The directors instructed Barr to call a special meeting of the board, prepared a resignation for Avery to sign. At the board meeting the expected bitter showdown did not occur: Avery capitulated and readily signed the resignation. Avery will remain on the board of directors.

Incoming Chairman John Barr, 47, born on a Hoosier farm, looks enough like Avery to be his son. He stands 6 ft. 1 in. tall, has the same lean, lanky build, the same courtly manners and, at close range, the same considerable charm. Like Avery, he is a lawyer (Indiana '36) and a "clean-desk man." He started in Ward's legal department in 1933, quickly rose to be director of labor relations. Avery's respect for Barr rose at the way he masterminded Ward's fight against the War Labor Board, which included the famed carrying-out of Avery by the Army. Under Barr, the union was kept out of Ward. Recently, when Avery needed the AFL Teamsters' support against Wolfson, Barr was just as effective at making a deal with the union (*TIME*, April 11).

"**He's Tops.**" By 1949 Barr's affable efficiency had won him a vice-presidency and the key post of corporation secretary. He survived the great man's purges partly by knowing when to keep his mouth shut. When he disagreed with Avery it was always in private and in a courteous manner. Barr is popular with the staff, has even won a Wolfson accolade: "In my book, he's tops."

Immediately on his election, Barr went quickly to work. He planned to give raises in specific places and departments where they were long overdue, hoped to stir up employee initiative by loosening the tight controls imposed by Avery, e.g., allow buyers to buy—virtually impossible under Avery. He hoped to open up a new store or two, lay plans for an employee pension plan, put an end to the traditional Avery policy of secrecy with the press. To replenish Ward's ravaged top executive echelon, down to one vice president, he began setting up a new management team. In one day he named three new veeps from the ranks: Ward's Treasurer Howard Kambstad, 45; Personnel Manager Drummond C. Ball, 39; Soft Goods Merchandiser George H. Kleisner, 46.

The Boss. At week's end, the first meeting of the new board showed clearly who was boss. The official tally of the proxy fight for control, announced last week, gave Wolfson enough votes to put three directors on the nine-place board. They are Wolfson, New York Financier

IF PEACE COMES— Its Effects on the Economy

EISENHOWER and Zhukov exchange letters; the Russians back down on the Austrian peace treaty; a Big Four meeting is proposed; Soviet leaders plan a friendly visit to Tito. Scarcely a day passes without some hint of easing international tensions—and Wall Street traders, who hate uncertainty above all, become cautious. After making no headway at all for a week, the Dow-Jones industrial average last week tumbled more than six points before steady closing figure: 410.57, off 4.27. Such war-baby aircraft stocks as Boeing, Douglas, Lockheed and Northrop have dropped as much as 35% from their 1955 highs. In the back of every investor's mind lie some nagging questions. What would happen to the U.S. economy in the unlikely event of real peace breaking out? What would another sharp cut in defense spending mean to the various segments of industry?

Partial answers can be found by examining the effect of cutbacks made since the end of the Korean war. From the peak of the Korean buildup to the post-Korea low last fall, the annual rate of Defense Department military spending dropped from \$46 billion to \$32.8 billion; it is now running at a rate of \$36 billion, and will probably drop to \$34 billion in fiscal 1956. Yet despite the \$13.2 billion drop, the U.S. economy suffered only a mild hesitation in 1954 in the boom.

Even if all should turn out to be milk and honey on the international front, the largest conceivable cutback in military spending in the near future would be no more than 20%. That would be a cut of about \$7 billion, only about half the size of the drop that the nation took in its stride in the past two years. The overall effect of such a cut on the economy would be mild, since military spending even now comes to no more than 10% of the gross national product.

Some industries, notably aircraft and electronics, and some geographical areas would be hard hit. But executives in the aircraft industry, which now employs 790,000 believe that their companies could continue to operate profitably and maintain their productive efficiency in the face of a 20% cut or even more. Currently, the aircraft industry's sales are dropping from 1954's \$8 billion to a maintenance level of between \$6 billion and \$7 billion a year. That is a downward adjustment of about 20%, and no one is crying havoc. In Los Angeles, where almost 25% of the work force is in aircraft production, the Southern Calif-

ornia Research Council estimated two years ago that if defense orders were cut back 25% in 1955, unemployment in the area would rise to no more than 6% of the insured work force; assuming a 50% cut, it would rise to 12%. Even that would be below the 14% figure during the recession of 1949.

Almost without exception, the effects of a 20% defense cut on other industries would be minor, because of the huge expansion planned to meet civilian needs (capital spending by industry this year will probably top 1954 by 5%) and the fact that so little of industry's capacity is on defense production.

No more than 5% to 7% of the current record steel output goes into defense, and the steel companies are now planning a new round of expansion (with outlays up 20% this year from 1954) to meet civilian needs. There are shortages in such other key metals as copper, nickel and aluminum. With output of military tanks and trucks at a low level, far less than 10% of the auto industry is now devoted to defense output (though some firms, e.g., jeep-maker Willys, might feel the pinch of a defense cutback). The textile industry, which at one point during the Korean war was devoting almost 20% of its capacity to military orders, is now more than 95% in civilian production.

What would happen to uranium mining and the atomic-energy industry if atomic weapons were banned or restricted? The best guess is that civilian applications would come forward so swiftly to use the plants, materials and manpower now devoted to making atomic weapons that the industry would actually benefit.

If a large cut in military spending enabled the Administration to cut total outlays, it would undoubtedly follow the same policy it did after Korea: cut taxes by as much as, or a little more than, the cut in Government spending, thus spur consumer spending.

Harvard Economist Sumner Shichter, who has proved an accurate prophet in the postwar years, outlined what tax cuts could mean. Said he: "A \$4,000-a-year man might well be living like a \$5,000-a-year man. Or, putting it another way, it might enable people to live on a scale in 1956 or 1957 that they hadn't considered possible before 1960." Said Chairman Arthur Burns of the President's Council of Economic Advisers: "A large-scale reduction or elimination of armaments would give us a magnificent and welcome opportunity for raising living standards."

TIME CLOCK

BUSINESS IN 1955 will break all records, with gross national product hitting \$375 billion, some 5% above last year and 3% above 1953's all-time peak, predicts Roy Reierson, chief economist for Manhattan's Bankers Trust Co.

NATIONAL DEBT LIMIT will have to be pushed up this year, possibly to \$285 billion, \$4 billion higher than the current statutory limit, which expires June 30. At current rates of spending, the debt will fall between \$281 and \$285 billion by the end of the year. President Eisenhower will probably ask Congress to boost the limit by the end of this month. But this time, he will merely set forth anticipated income, outgo and deficit, leave it up to Congress to work out its own ceiling.

FIRST NUCLEAR REACTOR to be sent abroad by the U.S. will be sold to Switzerland this August. The U.S. will set up a small experimental "swimming pool" reactor, i.e., one immersed in water as both shield and coolant, rated at 10 kw, in Geneva to demonstrate the peacetime uses of atomic energy before a United Nations conference, then let Switzerland have the reactor, plus 55 lbs. of nuclear material, when the meeting is over.

MEDIUM-PRICED FORD will be developed by Ford's New Products Division. Industrial Designer George W. Walker, who designed Ford's pace-setting 1949 model, has been named vice president in charge of styling, responsible for producing the new series to compete with Chrysler, Oldsmobile and Buick in the \$3,100 to \$3,500 price range, midway between Ford's most expensive Mercury and its cheapest Lincoln.

MEAT FORECAST has been pushed up another notch by the Agriculture Department, which now estimates that outout will hit a record 26,250,000,000 lbs., about 3% more than last year and nearly 250 million lbs. ahead

of earlier predictions. As a result, beef prices will drop slightly, while pork, now 20% to 30% below last year's levels, will stay about the same.

PAY-AS-YOU-SEE TV poll conducted by the Federal Communications Commission is running heavily in favor of the idea, sponsored by three companies (Zenith, Skiatron, International Telemeter Corp.). In the three months since FCC invited "public advice" on whether it should permit toll TV, it has received nearly 10,000 letters, telegrams and postcards from viewers, with all but 1,500 approving the plan.

DEFENSE CONTRACT PROFITS will come under heavy fire from congressional Democrats, who plan an investigation by a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee. However, the investigators have little evidence to prove their profiteering. The Renegotiation Board, whose predecessors collected \$1 billion in excess profits after World War II, has inspected 15,700 cases since Korea, found only 3,000 with excess profits amounting to \$470 million.

INLAND STEEL, seventh biggest U.S. steelmaker, with 1954 sales of \$533 million, will soon launch a multimillion dollar expansion program to boost both its steel and coke capacity. Major item will be a battery of 87 coke ovens at its Indiana Harbor works.

OLEOMARGARINE MAKERS are in trouble with the Federal Trade Commission over misleading advertising. For the first time under a new amendment to the FTC Act, the commission has ordered two firms (Manhattan's E. F. Drew & Co., Philadelphia's Reddi-Sped Corp.) to stop giving the impression that their vegetable margarines are dairy products—by ads such as "Churned to delicate, sweet, creamy goodness." "The same day-to-day freshness which characterizes our other dairy products."

Alexander Rittmaster and Merchandising Adwoman Bernice Fitz Gibon. At the first meeting of the new board, they too found out who was going to run things.

With Barr presiding, the board quickly revised the bylaws, pared the membership of the all-powerful executive committee from five to three. To it, the board named Barr, Clarke, and Director C. H. Shaver, another member of the old management. This gave Barr and Clarke complete control of the company in most critical matters. This was the first blow at Wolfson. The second: the board steamroller flattened Wolfson's plea for a committee to search out a new president, smoothly named Chairman Barr to that post as well. When the meeting ended, Wolfson, shut out completely, was near inarticulate and trembling with rage. If he continues his battle for control of Ward's, he will have to fight a tough man.

where. To answer such statements, said Barnes, his department is studying how Fair Trade laws actually operate.

In Manhattan for a speech before a group of security analysts, President Fred Lazarus Jr. of giant Federated Department Stores, second biggest department-store chain^o in the U.S., was asked if he did not agree that the Fair Trade laws are unenforceable. Lazarus agreed. Said he: "The same attitude is developing in this country on Fair Trade as developed on prohibition laws."

The Wild Frontier

And so I took my woolen wrappers, and a pair of moccasins, and tied up some dry clothes, and a pair of shoes and stockings . . . I had my big butcher in my belt, and I had a pair of dressed buckskin breeches on . . . We shouldered our guns, blankets, and provisions, and trudged merrily on.

—The Autobiography of Davy Crockett

Ever since February U.S. youngsters have swooped down on U.S. stores like marauding Indians, snapping up everything in sight that faintly resembles what Davy Crockett wore. To U.S. retailers, there has been no kiddie craze to match it since Hopalong Cassidy clattered into the corral five years ago. Sales of Davy Crockett coonskin caps, blue jeans, cap pistols, lunch boxes and dozens of other items, have already reached an estimated \$100 million. Last week the shooting was just starting for the Davy Crockett cash-Walt Disney, starting the bad with his TV series (*TIME*, Nov. 8), usually wrings every last penny from his enterprises, but he found that he might be unable to tie up royalties on all Crockett products.

Hitching up his buckskins, and with his big butcher in his belt, Disney charged into Baltimore's Federal Court and brought suit against Davy Crockett Enterprises, run by an oldtime Baltimore garment maker named Morey Schwartz. Disney charged that Schwartz was illegally licensing clothing manufacturers to use the name Davy Crockett, claiming a trademark, and was telling firms, including the more than 50 so far licensed by Disney, that he might prosecute them for using the name without his permission.

Critics to Whisky. Disney might have a tough time proving his case. For one thing, the U.S. Patent Office has never received an application from Disney to use the name as a trademark. According to the patent office, Schwartz's Davy Crockett Enterprises is the owner of a valid clothing trademark label, "Davy Crockett, Frontiersman." Other companies, some dating back as far as 1849, have used the name Davy Crockett on everything from citrus fruit to chewing tobacco and whisky, and most of them have since either gone out of business or allowed the name to lapse. Schwartz first registered the trademark in 1946 in Texas, and in 1947 at the U.S. Patent Office, and then began putting out clothing under the

^o First Allied Stores.



What holds it together?

Or, what holds any concrete bridge, building, highway, sidewalk or dam together? The answer . . . cement! To a lot of people cement and concrete are one and the same. You hear people talk about "cement mixers" . . . "cement sidewalks" . . . "cement" this or that. But cement is really the binder that holds together the sand and stone to make concrete.

What we're getting at is this. Cement is a basic ingredient of a growing America . . . and there's a lot of it being used because of the economy and flexibility of concrete construction. To keep up with demand, the cement industry is building new mills and expanding present ones.

Here's where Chain Belt gets into the picture. One of

the main problems of cement production is efficient materials handling . . . especially in increasing capacity. We have developed improved chains, elevators, belt conveyors and other equipment especially for this industry . . . more efficient . . . more rugged . . . more economical. They meet today's and tomorrow's requirements to step up capacity and improve production.

Why not write us for application assistance or information? Or, if you have *any* problem of materials handling, we have other important product developments that may answer your need for more efficient, improved performance. Our application engineers will be happy to consult with you. Chain Belt Company, 4798 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wis.

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Only 1 out of 10 electrical fires "accidental"



by *J.B. Clayton Sr.*
President
NATIONAL ELECTRICAL
CONTRACTORS ASSOCIATION

It may come as a jolt to most folks—but misuse of electricity is still a pretty serious disease in these United States.

According to studies reported by the International Association of Electrical Inspectors, "accidental occurrence" accounts for only about 1 out of every 10 electrical fires in this country. The overwhelming majority of known cases are traceable to misuse of electricity and electrical equipment.

"Defective installation" earns first place on the list of known causes. This refers to wiring and equipment incorrectly or carelessly installed.

Number Two cause is wiring and equipment that has "worn out in service." This classification, combined with defective installation, accounts for 7 out of every 10 known causes of electrical fires.

"Improper use" of equipment is another major cause, with the "do-it-yourself" use of lamp cord in hazardous locations, as a circuit extension, a particularly heavy contributor.

This leaves only about 1 in 10 electrical fires, where causes are known, as "accidental"—so the vast majority of electrical fires can be prevented. Here are 3 suggestions that can help.

First—make sure your electrical work is installed only by experienced, reliable "pros" such as your NECA qualified electrical contractor. (You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book.)

Second—have your wiring checked. Particularly if you haven't done so within the past 5 years.

Third—observe simple but effective safety rules such as those outlined in the National Safety Council's "Safety Rules for Electrical Equipment". If you would like a free copy of this helpful pamphlet, just drop me a line at National Electrical Contractors Association, 610 Ring Building, Washington 6, D.C.



MOREY SCHWARTZ



"DAVY CROCKETT" (WITH GUITAR) & FRIENDS[®]

With a butcher in the belt and a hitch of the buckskins.

Davy Crockett label. Though Disney insisted that Schwartz had let the trademark lapse in 1950, Schwartz said no. He and his partner, Henry Kay of Baltimore, split up, but, Schwartz says, Kay kept right on making Crockett clothing under an agreement with Schwartz. Last month, with the current boom well under way, Schwartz bought out Kay and began licensing manufacturers to use his Davy Crockett label, usually at 5% of their net sales.

For U.S. retailers the battle can mean plenty of trouble, whoever wins. Last week retail associations were advising their members to get written guarantees from suppliers absolving them from responsibility in any future lawsuits.

Wolf Roundup. But for most retailers the legal problems were small compared to the pleasurable problem of keeping up with demand. Coonskin hats, the biggest seller next to anachronistic Davy Crockett T shirts, have touched off the biggest run on raccoons since the giddy '20s; coon tails once selling for 25¢ a lb. are now nearly \$5 a lb. Seattle's Arctic Fur Co., which has shrewdly been buying wolf pelts for years, is producing 5,000 ersatz coonskin hats daily. In some stores Davy Crockett accounts for 10% of all children's wear.

"Your Struggles Are Over." Stores in Los Angeles and Dallas have set up Crockett clubs, marked off special Davy Crockett sections where youngsters can find everything from a Davy Crockett peace pipe (98¢) to a complete Davy Crockett outfit with rifle, powder horn, cap, etc. (\$7.98); a Davy Crockett guitar costs \$4.98 extra. Denver's May Co. advertises a Davy Crockett bath towel with this pitch to mothers: "Your bath-time struggles are over . . . They'll run to use Davy Crockett towels." Davy Crockett, Fess Parker, who stars in Disney's TV series, has already endorsed and helped sell 450,000 copies of sheet music of *The Ballad of Davy Crockett*. Advance orders for *The Picture Story of Davy Crockett*, a 25¢ Wonder Playbook, already total 1,000,000.

U.S. retailers see no reason why the

Davy Crockett boom should not keep growing at least until Christmas. Intoned a solemn Detroit buyer: "Why, Davy Crockett is bigger even than Mickey Mouse."

AVIATION Dogfight Over Hawaii

To the Civil Aeronautics Board last week, the actions of Hawaiian Airlines were little short of outrageous. The CAB flatly accused the airline of using its Government subsidy money to try to throttle competition from smaller Trans-Pacific Airlines in the rich short-haul market around the Hawaiian Islands. To call a halt, the board overruled the recommendation of its examiner and cut back H.A.L.'s requested \$1,300,000 mail pay for 1955 by 85%, leaving only \$187,000. On the face of it, CAB's anger seemed justified: the airline situation in Hawaii is indeed in a mess. But it was CAB itself that had started the fight between the airlines, and it had already cost the U.S. \$3,280,000 in subsidies.

Until 1949, Hawaiian Airlines was Hawaii's only scheduled interisland airline, and it had made money for six years without a Government subsidy. Starting in 1950 with two eight-passenger Sikorsky Amphibians, it had added a fleet of 13 dependable, twin-engined DC-3s, carried 304,000 passengers annually (without a fatality). H.A.L. passengers had some gripes; they wanted to smoke aloft, complained of too few ticket offices, and charged that H.A.L. discriminated against Asians. In 1949 CAB decided that H.A.L. needed competition, certified nonscheduled Trans-Pacific Airlines for full-scale service with five DC-3s along H.A.L.'s routes. With that, the dogfight was on.

Hawaiian Airlines insisted that discrimination against Asians was entirely a wartime, military measure. To get the technological jump on Trans-Pacific it

Left to right: Tennessee's Governor Frank Clement, Walt Disney, Actor Fess Parker who plays Davy Crockett, Actor Buddy Ebsen, who plays George Russel, his sidekick.



At institutions which serve the public

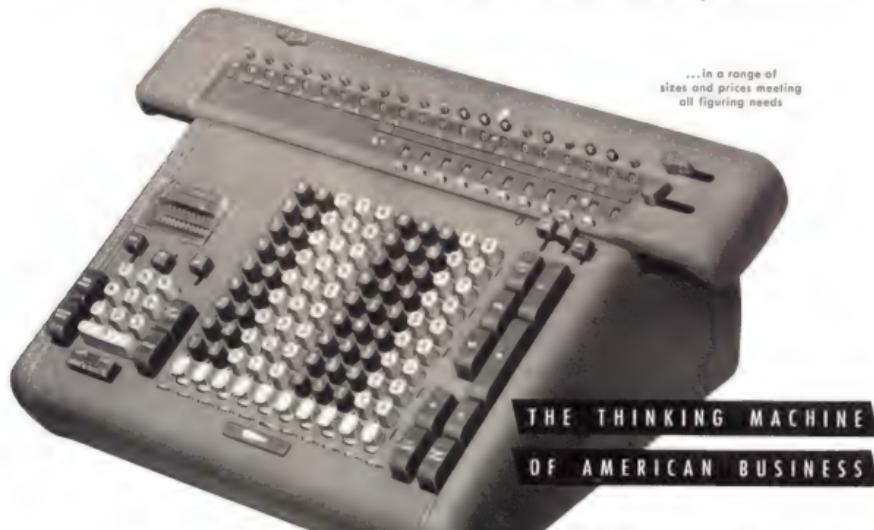
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replaced four of its old DC-3s with five new, 284-m.p.h., 44-passenger Convairs, costing upwards of \$600,000 apiece. Trans-Pacific counterattacked by having its hostesses do hula dances aloft, set up a charge-account service, pioneered cut-rate family fares.

Though they boosted inter-island traffic, both T.P.A. and once-profitable H.A.L. found that they could continue operations only by getting subsidies.

In its decision last week, CAB thought that one answer would be for Hawaiian Airlines to get rid of its expensive new Convairs. But H.A.L. has flatly refused to do so, said the planes will eventually be cheaper to operate. Says H.A.L. President Arthur D. Lewis: "There is no more reason for continuing to fly obsolete equipment in Hawaii than anywhere else in the United States."

RAILROADS

Clear Track for the Santa Fe

Outside the little northern Texas town of Krum last week, a platoon of railroad workers spaced 9-ft. ties along a new track bed, spotted rails over tie plates and pounded home the spikes. This was no ordinary track-laying; the gandy dancers were laying the longest stretch of new line—49 miles—in the U.S. in 20 years. The line will connect the Santa Fe Railroad's Chicago-Galveston main line directly with fast-growing Dallas, cut 63 miles off a roundabout route south of Fort Worth for Dallas-bound freight, save up to half a day on delivery. Passengers will also collect a dividend. Starting next December, Dallas residents, who now go ignominiously to Fort Worth to catch the *Texas Chief*, will board it in their own city.

The Dallas spur is short when measured against the great era of railroad building. But it is a small indication of the aggressive railroading for which the



Arthur Shays

SANTA FE'S GURLEY
Every day is moving day.



Santa Fe has been famed ever since the first seven-mile stretch was laid near Topeka almost 100 years ago. By always reaching out for new customers, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway Co. grew up to be the nation's longest (13,073 miles—see map), and, next to Union Pacific (which collects almost half its profits from oil and gas), the biggest moneymaker. The Santa Fe is also one of the most modern, e.g., it is the biggest road to be 100% dieselized, and its speedy (Chicago to Los Angeles in 40 hours), elegant *Super Chief* is the nation's most glamorous train, with a private dining room, barber, valet, and an occasional cocktail loungeful of Hollywood stars.

To explain how the Santa Fe reached its present eminence, President Fred Gurley, 66, has a ready answer. Says he: "Our business is a simple business. All we do is move something from one place to another. You look around for ways to move something with a minimum amount of effort and cost. You want to approach these things like a lazy person."

Opening the West. The first man to do things in the lazy Santa Fe style was a Topeka lawyer named Cyrus Holliday, who dreamed of running a railroad into the great Southwest to replace the prairie schooner. By 1890 he and a succession of strong-willed presidents had battled Indians, buffalo and rival railroaders to build or buy 9,000 miles of track. In 1894 the overextended Santa Fe went bankrupt and was picked up by Railroader Edward Ripley, who added 2,000 more miles of track by 1920, quadrupled the gross and put the company in a strong financial position. Thus the Santa Fe rolled smoothly through the Depression, paid dividends on its common stock almost every year.

In 1939, when Edward J. Engel, a Santa Fe veteran of 40 years, became president, he brought in, as executive vice president and heir apparent, young Fred Gurley, who started railroading at 17 as a Burlington clerk. made a name for himself as a diesel man. Engel had the vision to see how dieselization (with Gurley bossing the job) could give the Santa Fe greater speed, lower operating costs.

When Gurley stepped up to be president in 1944, he continued to experiment, liked to try "something new that'll

do it better." Since World War II he has spent a whopping \$532 million in capital improvements.

No More Iceboxes. In his own quiet way, Gurley had the Santa Fe build 150 mechanical refrigeration cars for frozen foods (about which Railroader Robert Young has talked for years but done nothing). For handling freight in Chicago's Corwith yard, Gurley tried something new: a conveyor belt to move carts to loading platforms. To eliminate the clackety-clack for passengers and save wear on equipment, the Santa Fe is now laying rail in 1,400-ft. strips, continuously welded to eliminate joints. To promote industrial growth in its domain the Santa Fe bought tract near its tracks, persuaded industries to build new plants on them and, of course, ship by Santa Fe.

Cash & Carry. To keep up with the Santa Fe's far-flung ventures, Gurley spends more than half his time on the road, working and living in his streamlined business car. But railroading is not Gurley's whole life. He helped organize the drive for Eisenhower's nomination, fostered a six-week course at the University of Southern California (of which he is a trustee) to help his top personnel think clearly about the society in which they live. Despite the huge postwar expenditure, the road continued to pay dividends of \$6-\$8, last year paid off the last of its equipment debts. Although the Santa Fe's 1954 gross of \$532 million made it the No. 4 railroad in revenues (after the Pennsylvania, New York Central and Southern Pacific), its \$66 million net, helped by \$7,000,000 from oil wells and uranium mining, was second in earnings (more than double the combined net of the Pennsy and the Central).

For the future, Gurley is optimistic about railroading in general and the Santa Fe in particular. He expects to buy or build 2,000 new freight cars this year, speed up schedules, order Talgo-type trains for short-haul passenger runs, add at least 75 full-length dome-lounge cars, double-deck chair cars and other lightweight passenger cars. Unlike some railroaders, Experimenter Gurley is not ready to admit defeat on passenger traffic. Says he: "Somehow, somehow, we'll be able to get a change in the competitive conditions, so we don't operate at a loss."

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Prodigal [M-G-M] is one more Biblical exegesis by the box office theologians of Hollywood. A freewheeling, full-color CinemaScope plunge into the anachronistic past, the film is based on the parable of the prodigal son according to St. Luke, but the scenario is jazzed up with additional story by a trio of latter-day prophets (Maurice Zinn, Joe Breen Jr., Samuel James Larsen).

Prodigal gets off winging as fun-loving Micah (Edmund Purdom) and sober-minded brother Joram (John Dehner) come galloping hell-for-leather down the main street of Joppa; with true Hollywood ingenuity, they are using stirrups a good 600 years before they were invented. Despite his Old Testament beard and striped gown, Micah leaves no doubt as to his Anglo-Saxon manliness. Before a moviegoer can say popcorn, he has unhooked a villainous overseer and released from bondage a mistreated slave; later on, he triumphs in a religious disputation with some rascally heathens by a solid right to the jaw.

That night, Micah drops in on a traveling tent show to sneer at the worshippers of the pagan gods, Astarte and Baal. But one gander at luscious Lana Turner, High Priestess of Astarte, and Micah is aquiver. He gallops back to the family ranch, jilts his girl, demands his inheritance from his patriarchal father (Walter Hampden), and hits the trail for Damascus, lustful after alien goddesses.

Things really warm up in the big city. Micah has an unnerving encounter with the Astarte Missionary Society—hundreds of wide-awake young girls who live in tiny pavilions in the Garden of Love and hold intimate midnight conversations behind closed curtains with prospective converts. It becomes increasingly clear that the worship of Astarte (Hollywood version) is the direct ancestor of present-day burlesque: High Priestess Lana, wearing a few beads as the Production Code will permit, promenades along a runway above her audience, using every classic nuance of the stripteaser's hesitation walk while, as comedy relief, High Priest Louis Calhern lurches onstage in a funny hat and baggy costume, just like an oldtime Dutch comic at Minsky's.

Once Micah has snatched his night of love with Lana, Director Richard Thorpe winds things up with the required doses of remorse, retribution and forgiveness. Lana gets burned up—literally. Calhern gets a knife in the throat, and Micah contentedly trades the fleshpots of Damascus for an entree of veal back home.

Hiroshima [East-West Films: Continental] is amateurishly photographed, badly edited and stuffed with propaganda. Yet, even with all these strikes against it, the movie is well worth seeing.

Filmed in 1953 by fellow-traveling Director Hideo Sekigawa, produced by the



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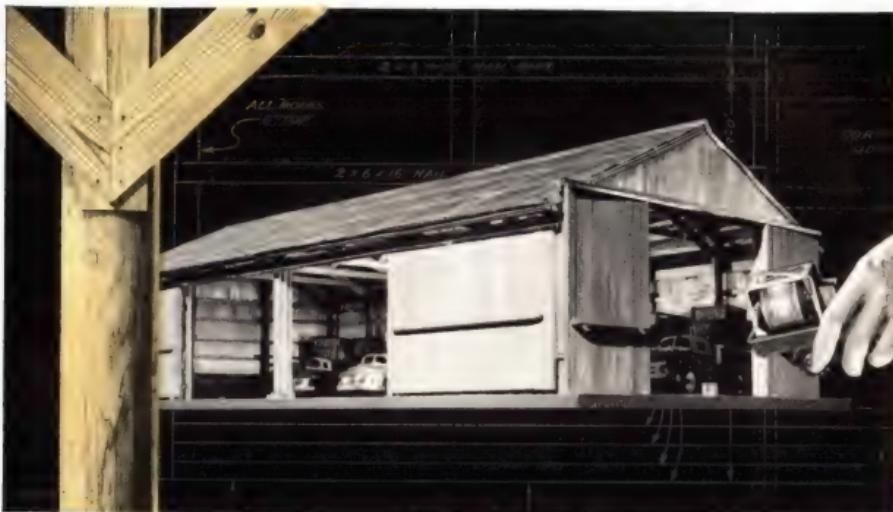
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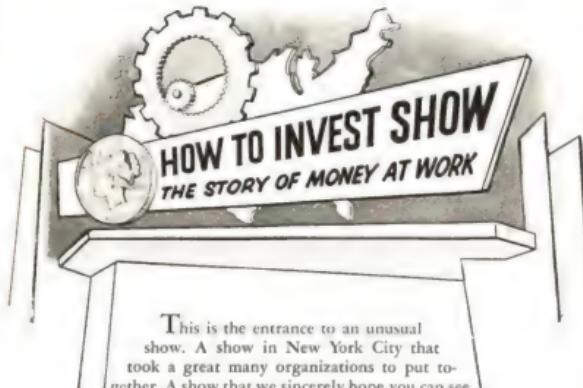
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Together with the organizations below we're putting this show on for just one reason: We believe that a lot more people should know a lot more about investing—what it might mean to them—what it does mean to American business.

If you're in New York City between May 24th and May 30th, we can't think of a better place to start learning than the "How to Invest Show" in the 71st Infantry Regiment Armory, Park Avenue at 34th Street. There's no charge of course.

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NICHOLAS KELLEY, Jr.,
Secretary

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is real news—important news!
*That's why TIME
publishes one department
devoted to what is being
taught and thought
in the whole
broad field of
EDUCATION.*

then Communist-run Japanese Teachers Union, and acted by dozens of A-bomb survivors who offered their services free. Hiroshima originally contained so many gruesome horrors and so anti-American a line that Japan's Education Ministry protested. No reputable distributor would agree to handle it, and the left-wing company that finally took it over has since gone bankrupt.

About 15 minutes has been cut from the U.S. version, mostly scenes that the distributors felt were too strong for Western audiences, but also including most of the footage devoted to one of the two Hiroshima families the film is about. As a result, the movie begins with one family and then bewilderingly switches to another for the balance of the film.

Hiroshima opens with the convincing bustle of a modern city (1945 pop. 300,000) on a wartime footing. There are



HIROSHIMA SURVIVOR
Moralizing is an anticlimax.

patriotic rallies of students and workers, addressed by imperial demagogues shrillingly denouncing the U.S. One fine shot has a gauntlike Japanese officer scurrying like a wound-up toy down the serried ranks of listeners to slap the face of an inattentive girl. Then the camera moves to the intimate scenes of family breakfasts, children going hand-in-hand to school shops opening for the day, a crowded trolley car rounding a curve on a busy street.

Faintly, the distant hum of a plane penetrates the city noises. Some workers pause at their jobs. Faces turn toward the morning sky. A child says: "Isn't that a B-29?" The answer is a flicker of light, as sharp and transitory as a flashlight. Then chaos. In this chilling moment of catastrophe, of dust swirls and smoke and collapsing buildings, of anarchic, suddenly stretching silence, the film justifies itself.

Beneath the sky-filling mushroom cloud, the camera recreates (through both news clips and studio shots) the debris-scattered

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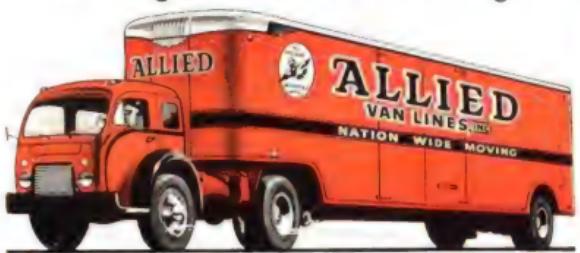
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plain that was once a living city. The first dazed survivors are staggering to their feet, the trapped and injured cry feebly. Flames light up the midday darkness. Fleeing the fire, a horde of the singed and maimed pour down to the rivers that wind through Hiroshima. Some sing and sway in a monotone chorus; others lose their grip on neighbors and drift away on the current. In the shattered hospitals, beds and floors are covered with the wounded. A victim asks, almost without curiosity: "Do they intend to keep us alive or kill us?"

From this inferno, the movie makes a jump of seven years, and the telling gets diffuse and clumsy. There are still a few good scenes, as when a group of beggar children solemnly practice the incantation that wins chocolate bars from G.I.s: "You gentlemen, please, no papa, no mama . . . hungry." But the pacifist message (the hero quits his job when the factory where he is employed begins making shells) is too trilling an anticlimax to the holocaust that has gone before. If the shuddering cataclysm of the A-bomb has not made the antivar message clear, no amount of moralizing can.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Violent Saturday. Three thugs rob a bank in a picture as simple and as nerve-racking as a bomb; with Victor Mature, Richard Egan, Ernest Borgnine (TIME, May 1).

Hearbreak Ridge. The infantryman's ordeal in Korea, as experienced by a green French lieutenant and sharply recorded by Director Jacques Dupont (TIME, May 9).

Marty. The love story of "a very good butcher"; home truth and homely humor in the life of an ordinary man—well perceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).

East of Eden. Director Elia Kazan does his best with one of John Steinbeck's worst novels, and a new star, James Dean, is born of his pains; with Julie Harris (TIME, March 21).

The Wages of Fear. Fear, oil, greed, Central America and nitroglycerine, stirred together in an angry philosophical shocker by French Director Henri-Georges Clouzot (TIME, Feb. 21).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Oscar-winning Actress Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

The Heart of the Matter. Graham Greene's novel, a passionate chorale on the themes of sin and salvation, is re-arranged into something more like *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*; Trevor Howard and Maria Schell are superb as the lovers (TIME, Dec. 13).

Gate of Hell. A Japanese legend of quaint war and fatal lust, wrapped in a rich kimono of colors (TIME, Dec. 13).

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BOOKS

A Tongue That Naked Goes

SELF CONDEMNED (407 pp.)—*Wyndham Lewis—Henry Regnery* (\$4).

"A remarkable man, but of course impossible, quite impossible," is the sort of thing British intellectuals say of Percy Wyndham Lewis. Such comments are usually accompanied by a slight quivering of the speaker's shoulders, as if these still bore the unhealed scars of a Wyndham Lewis drubbing. To many, the mere mention of Lewis' name evokes a hefty figure, dressed in a broad black hat and sweeping black coat, glaring sternly at humanity through formidable glasses. Sir Osbert Sitwell recalls Lewis sitting at a restaurant table back in 1919. "Remember?" Lewis informed the three Sitwells. "I'm thirty-seven till I pass the word round."

Dame Edith Sitwell has declared that she was so impressed by this royal command that for many years after, when told by a pulmonary physician to "say 99," the best she could bleat was "37!"

Wyndham Lewis® (born 1884) has passed the word that he is no longer 37. He is still capable of tongue-lashing friends and foes alike, as he did recently in *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, a sharp assault on abstract painting and sculpture. His latest novel, *Self Condemned*, is an unimpaired product of his powerful pen. Half a century as painter, poet, novelist and polemicist has brought him niggardly financial reward, but his reputation is higher than ever before. A new generation is discovering Wyndham Lewis, and his publishers are reissuing his works amid applause from those who believe that he is Britain's foremost writer.

Barbers & Gardeners. Lewis' re-emergence is partly a sign of the times. World War II has left behind it no trace of either the gaieties or the grim, radical dogma that swept Britain after World War I. Youth today is not so much flaming to be free as burning to acquire discipline. It was Wyndham Lewis' ferocious hatred of what he called "emotionally excited, closely-packed, heavily-standardized mass-units acting in a blond ecstatic union" that caused his unpopularity in the '30s, although he himself acted in unison of a sort with the Hitler regime—but only for a very brief spell. Today, people listen more attentively when Lewis hammers away at his old conviction that both civilization and art depend on a far-seeing law and order. Mysticism, "unconscious" expression, addled emotionalism are his pet hates. He stands up for personal "consciousness" in an epoch in which civilization has half-drowned itself in mass emotion and the seas of the Freudian unconscious. As long ago as 1914 Wyndham Lewis was pouring

curses upon Mother Nature and shaggy beards, arguing that master gardeners and stern hairdressers are the truest symbols of civilization.

In 1918, with publication of his first novel, *Tarr*, Lewis sprang suddenly into true prominence. *Tarr* was not only his first large-scale assault on woolly vapors about love and life, it was (and still is) one of the greatest comic novels ever written in English. None of Lewis' later novels—even *The Revenge for Love*, *The Apes of God*, *The Chilternians*—has ousted *Tarr* from first place, but each displays uniquely the mingled anger, intellectual probity and hair-raising humor that are the stamp of a Lewis opus. What is most curious and most defective about



WYNDHAM LEWIS (circa 1925)
Curses on Mother Nature.

all these novels is that Lewis, archapostle of gardeners and barbers, is himself incapable of giving his often cumbersome style a well-trimmed look.

Creative & Destructive. *Self Condemned*, Lewis' first novel in 14 years, is another rough, tough clip off the old beard. It is as good as anything he has written since *Tarr*, and stands head and shoulders above the general run of fiction. It is about a British professor and his wife who emigrate to Canada just before World War II. (Author Lewis, born in Maine when his globe-trotting parents took a cruise to the U.S., himself came to North America in World War II, stayed six years.) The book gives a shattering account of life in a run-down, chaotic, Canadian hotel room during the convulsions of wartime. The real theme of *Self Condemned* is a blow-by-blow account of how a proud, independent man loses his integrity and makes a peace-without-honor with a way of life he despises. Professor

* Not to be confused with D. B. Wyndham Lewis (no kin), humorist and biographer (*François Villon*).

René Harding leaves Britain because he finds himself hemmed in and hampered trying to teach his students his own version of history: Canada, he believes, will be different. Instead, Harding finds not only that the New World is as cautious and tight-lipped as the Old, but that history is an even more terrible problem than he had imagined.

Human beings, Harding argues, are divided into two races, "one destructive and the other creative." The destructive has always won in the end. Harding believes, but that is no excuse for the historian to follow suit and write histories which are mere rosters of destructive triumphs. For some day, after all, the victory may go to the creative. Self-exiled René Harding is a "creative" man who is doomed to be defeated by "destructive" fellow men. His conquerors are not little Karl Marxes; they are average men who are stubbornly determined to lead average lives and to cold-shoulder the stranger who threatens their peace of mind. Harding defends himself by putting a steely armor on and letting his heart freeze up. By war's end, Harding has surrendered because he no longer believes that creative man can ever win. He settles tamely into a snug U.S. professorship. "The Faculty had no idea that it was a glacial shell of a man who had come to live among them, mainly because they were themselves unfilled with anything more than a little academic stuffing."

Champagne & Pygmies. "American book clubs pay quite astounding sums, don't they?" Lewis asked a visitor recently. *Self Condemned*, like all Wyndham Lewis' books, shows just why Lewis is self-condemned never to revel in book-club riches. It demands steady concentration and hard thinking, strikes through to the heart only by way of the head. The book is what its hero René Harding calls "a taper in a tornado." Author Lewis is likely to be lighting such tapers for some time to come. To be released this month are the radio adaptations of two new novels commissioned from him by the BBC. Though nearly blind as the result of a tumor involving the optic nerve, Lewis still manages to write, in large letters on sheets of white paper thumbtacked to a drawing board. His wife Anne types his manuscripts, reads him the newspapers (for several hours daily).

The Lewises still live in the now famed studio apartment in London's decaying Notting Hill section (it became "Rotting Hill" in one of his books) that has been their home for 20 years. Visitors are rare, with the exception of Lewis' old friend T. S. Eliot, who also keeps him supplied with champagne. Lewis' only drink. Though gentle and courteous to strangers, Lewis is too much on the boil ever to symbolize the cool peak of disciplined independence which he regards as the acme of civilization. His deepest strength lies in what Critic Geoffrey Grigson has called the brilliantly energetic "word-welding" to be found in Lewis' poems. These tell in essence what is the core



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both of Wyndham Lewis and the century
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We are a little age, where the blind
pygmy treads
In hypnotized crusade against all splen-
dour
Perverts male prowess to the middle
gender . . .

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goes
Without more fuss than Dryden's or
Defoe's.

The Massed Typewriters

A HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES, VOL. I:
THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS (694 pp.)—
Edited by Marshall W. Baldwin and
Kenneth M. Setton—University of Penn-
sylvania (\$12).

U.S. scholarship, like the U.S. armed forces, has become famed for massive deployment, abundant matériel and relentless attention to detail. During the past ten years a task force of some 65 U.S. historians and foreign allies, with headquarters at the University of Pennsylvania, has fanned out across the ancient paths of the crusaders. Objective: a five-volume history to record only the most rigorously verified facts. When Britain's Steven Runciman concluded his own excellent one-man history (*TIME*, Oct. 25), he said wryly: "It may seem unwise for one British pen to compete with the massed typewriters of the U.S."

Looking over Pennsylvania's Volume I, readers will find that three of the best sections were contributed by Historian Runciman himself. The work shows both how broad and how narrow the product of massed typewriters can be.

The First Crusade, from the West's wildfire response to Pope Urban II's appeal, to its dazzling end in the reconquest of Jerusalem in 1099, is one great drama. But no movie about the great Godfrey of Bouillon and his fellow crusaders is likely to grow out of this book. Under the learned hands of the chroniclers, commanded by Editor-in-Chief Kenneth Setton, Peter the Hermit shrinks from the legendary preacher to a voluble nobody traipsing to Jerusalem behind Pope Urban's carefully marshaled armored forces. The valor, chivalry and pious faith displayed by those forces in storming Jerusalem also fade away—presumably not proved.

Volume I is at its best when it broadens out to tell the Saracen side of the story—more fully and ably than it has ever been told before. Tracing sectarian rivalries within Islam, the book fills in the shadowy picture of the dread "Assassins." At the command of Syria's Sinan, the "Old Man of the Mountain," these fanatics rubbed out leading Moslems (and Christians) who refused to recognize certain descendants of the Prophet's son-in-law Ali as Islam's leaders. It was their reputed reliance on hashish to fortify themselves for their religious duty that gave these

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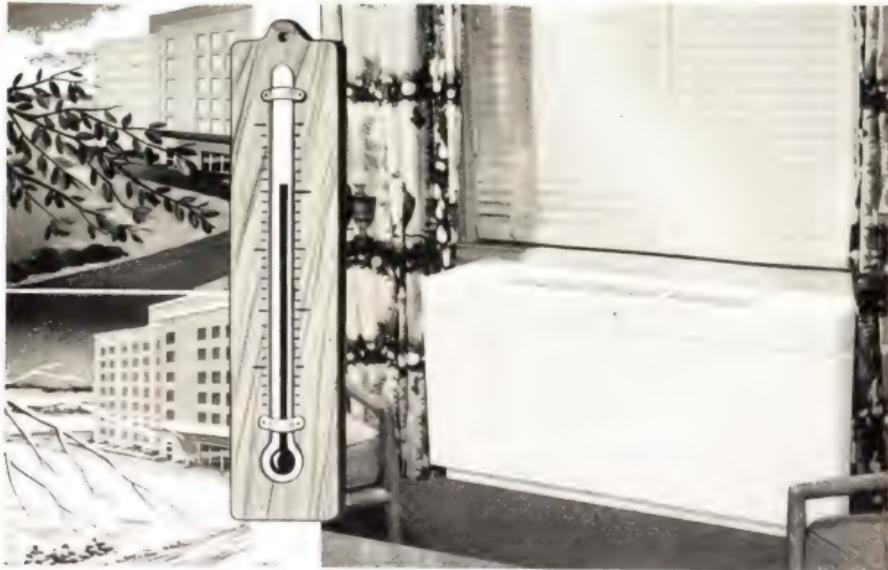
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GODFREY OF BOUILLON AT THE SEPULCHER Old crusaders just fade away.

sinister sectaries their name and the West a handy word.

Oxford's Egyptian-born Sir Hamilton Gibb, famed historian of the Arabic world, who moves this summer to Harvard, contributed distinguished chapters on the efforts of three Moslem leaders to break down Islam's intricate political barriers. When the last of these, Saladin, finally achieved a measure of unity, Christian-held Jerusalem fell to his armies in 1187. "The reign of Saladin," says Historian Gibb, "is one of those rare and dramatic moments in human history when cynicism and disillusion . . . are for a brief period dislodged by moral determination." This is the nearest thing to an approving judgment in a volume whose authors seem to view the crusades as basically just the most protracted phase of an immemorial conflict between East and West.

Old Myths Made New

OIDV'S METAMORPHOSES [401 pp.]—translated by Rolfe Humphries—Indiana University (\$3.95; paperback, \$1.75).

The general rule with classics is—time mutes, translators mutilate. Poet Rolfe Humphries' rendition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is a glowing exception. A skillful poet himself (*Forbid Thy Ravens, The Wind of Time*), Humphries, 60, soaked up a love of Latin from his teacher father, who once played baseball for the New York Giants. Four years ago, when his translation of Virgil's *Aeneid* appeared, critics hailed it as the best since Dryden's. This is only the second time in the last hundred years that the *Metamorphoses* has been done in English verse, and there has not been one as readable as the Humphries version since the 18th century edition, for which Pope, Addison, Congreve, Dryden and lesser lights pooled poetic forces.

Publius Ovidius Naso was born just a year and a few days after Caesar was assassinated on the Ides of March, 44 B.C. His rich, landowner father had no use for poetry, and wanted his son to train for the

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San Francisco 19

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whether you're a Main Street florist, or the purchasing agent of a large factory.

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law, Ovid obediently did, but he was far fonder of Rome's artist colony and social whirl. His love lyrics were popular with all but the Emperor Augustus, a dour Cromwellian sort, who found Ovid's lively spirit immoral and subversive. In A.D. 8, he banished the poet to lifelong exile in a Black Sea village, but not before Ovid had capped his fame with a masterpiece which never saw more than first-draft form, the *Metamorphoses*, or the *Stories of Changing Forms*, a compendium of the ancient world's mythology.

Centaur & Bacon. To this day every literate soul in the Western world knows the stories Ovid told, more or less in the way he told them. The titles evoke the tales: *Daedalus and Icarus*, *The Story of Pygmalion*, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, *The*



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Story of Midas, Baucis and Philemon, The Invasion of Troy and dozens of others. The "something extra" that Ovid brings to each saga is the saving detail of homely human interest, and Translator Humphries helps bring it out with homely colloquial touches of his own. As Daedalus fashions feathers into wings for the fateful flight from Crete, his playful son Icarus

... stuck his thumb into the yellow wax,

Fooling around, the way a boy will, always,

Whenever a father tries to get some work done,

The loving old couple, Baucis and Philemon, serve their unexpected guests-in-disguise, Jupiter and Mercury, a hummer of cabbage and bacon, but first,

Baucis, her skirts tucked up, was setting the table

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*With trembling hands, One table-leg
was wobbly;
A piece of shell fixed that.*

By contrast, Dryden translated these lines:

*The good old housewife, tucking up her
crown,
The table sets; th'invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a
sherd.*

Anyone who takes Ovid for a gentle poet of the hearth will do a double take when he comes to the sadistic eye-gouging battles of the centaurs. One centaur swings a chandelier like an axe and flings another:

*Smashing his face so that no man would
know it.
His eyes bulged from their sockets, and
his cheek-bones
Splintered, and what had been his nose
was driven
Into his palate.*

Divine Delinquents. Ovid rarely paints a passage purple, but once in a while he slips into what might be called senatorial rhetoric, and even Poet Humphries cannot salvage it ("O winds, O little breezes, O streams, O mountains, O lakes . . .").

The gods with their king-sized personalities and jester-sized consciences dominate the *Metamorphoses*. Ovid accepted the Greek notion that the gods were created in man's image: lusting, brawling, conniving, cruel, with offhand streaks of decency—a prize parcel of divine delinquents. Jove is an ageless lecher, a kind of zoological Don Juan who seduces girls in the guise of a bull, eagle, swan or snake. Juno is a screeching termagant who never gets even with her errant spouse, but always squares accounts with his latest girl.

These *Stories of Changing Forms*, however brutal, point the moral of Ovid's poem. Mankind is punished for the great sin which the Greeks called *hubris*—overweening pride. "I am too great for Fortune's power to injure," says arrogant Niobe, proud mother of seven sons and seven daughters. The boast is scarcely uttered, when Apollo looses 14 fatal arrows from his bow. "She would have been happiest of all mothers," comments Ovid, "had she only not thought herself the happiest." Over and above the turn of Fortune's wheel, there is an inexorable change—the passage of time and the certainty of death. Like his contemporary, Horace ("I have reared a monument more enduring than bronze"), Ovid was himself a hubristic father to his poems. He was content to die, but not to be forgotten, and proudly he hurls a parting challenge:

*Now I have done my work. It will
endure,
I trust, beyond Jove's anger, fire and
sword,
Beyond Time's hunger . . .
I shall be read, and through all
centuries,
If prophecies of bards are ever truthful,
I shall be living, always.*

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MISCELLANY

Cheesecake. In Detroit, meeting to select the Posture Queen of 1955, Michigan chiropractors dutifully pored over dozens of candidates' X rays to find the girl with the best intervertebral fibrocartilages.

Judgments. In Syracuse, N.Y., on the same day he received a five- to ten-year prison sentence for taking part in a \$12 robbery, Joseph Chappell, 21, won a \$2,100 settlement in an auto-accident lawsuit.

Beyond the Dessert. In Charleston, W.Va., at the gala opening of Woodrum's Tearoom, the proprietors did some rapid table hopping after they discovered that matchbooks placed before each customer bore an advertisement for indigestion tablets.

Sound Barrier. In Chicago, two burglars who broke into an electronics firm were startled when a booming voice said, "Good evening, gentlemen. We remind you that this place is electronically guarded. We suggest that you turn around and disappear," fled empty-handed when loudspeakers all over the building began shouting, "Burglars! Burglars! Call the police!"

Look, No Feet! In Milwaukee, Arthur Cole, 30, having failed all standard police sobriety tests, was acquitted of a drunken driving charge after he suddenly upended himself, walked steadily on his hands across the courtroom.

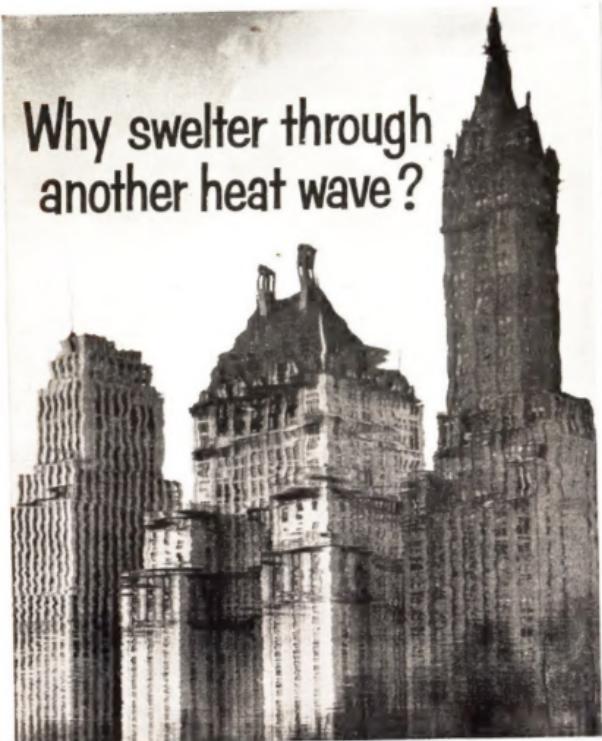
Crash & Carry. In Masury, Ohio, police charged Joseph Garity with leaving the scene of an accident after he locked bumpers with another car in a restaurant parking lot, drove away with the other car in tow.

Leak. In Springfield, Mass., the Hampden District Medical Society barred reporters from a special meeting at which doctors voted to double membership dues to increase the society's public-relations program.

Light Fantastic. In Juárez, Mexico, Juana Lucio, 78, testified, when her 103-year-old husband sought a divorce, that he came home late at night drunk, insisted on making merry, dancing the schottische with her.

Sequitur. In Mexico City, the Mexican government telegraph company, replying to numerous requests to inaugurate night service, announced: "This is impossible because our offices are closed at night."

Good Intentions. In Madison, Wis., fined for giving three cans of beer to a twelve-year-old girl, Gerald Schott, 24, explained apologetically: "I thought she was 14."



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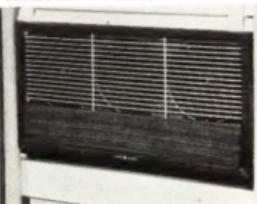
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